



No. 71 *THE SHINING KNIGHT!*



Adventure

COMICS

FEB.

10¢



C'mon— BOYS·GIRLS MEN·WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**



Real Live CANARY



Just the instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size.
MAYBE ALL THAT! We need Mandolin players for getting
only 10¢ each, or Starburst Spot Heads at 10¢ each.



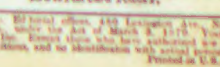
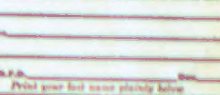
105. for best
results written
on this ma-
chine. Simply dispose of only one order
of garden light bulbs at 10¢ a pair,
and Typewriter is yours.



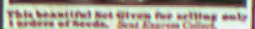
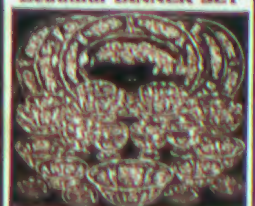
Sparkling examples every year. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Maxden Best Beeds. With today.



Get 25¢ for writing
25¢ for 25¢ of seeds at
1¢. WRITE TODAY.



Beautiful DINNER SET



Visit www.pearsoned.com



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Abstract



— 100 —



NOT A YOE



Dad or Son?



★ STARMAN

THE INVADERS FROM THE FUTURE!
A STOLEN TIME-MACHINE BRINGS ABOUT A
REIGN OF DESTRUCTION IN WHICH FLAMING
THUNDERBOLTS AND GIANTS IN BULLET-PROOF
SUITS TERRORIZE THE NATION UNTIL
STARMAN HALTS THE MENACE!

by JACK
BURNLEY

WITHIN A DOME-
SHAPED LABORATORY
SITUATED IN A
SECLUDED COUNTRY
SPOT FAR FROM
PRYING EYES, A
SCIENTIST GAZES
AT HIS INVENTION!

MY MACHINE
IS FINISHED!
NOW I'LL
TEST IT TO
SEE IF IT
WILL REALLY
TRAVEL IN
TIME!

ENTERING THE STEEL
TIME-SPACE PROFESSOR
JUNIOR GRIMM PULLS
THE SWITCH THE MACHINE
TREMBLES WITH POWER!

I'VE SET
THE TIME
DIAL SO
THAT I'LL
GO ONE
THOUSAND
YEARS
INTO THE
FUTURE!

RISEING OUT OF THE OPEN DOME LIKE A HELICOPTER, THE TIME-SPHERE WHIRLS WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, THEN FADES AWAY. AS IT DISAPPEARS INTO THE FUTURE!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, PROFESSOR GRIMM HAS MOVED A THOUSAND YEARS INTO FUTURE TIME!

SO THAT'S HOW NEW YORK WILL LOOK IN THE YEAR 2941! AMAZING! NOW THAT I KNOW I'M A SUCCESS, I'LL RETURN TO THE YEAR 1941!



MEANWHILE, SINISTER INTRUDERS BREAK INTO A WINDOW OF GRIMM'S LABORATORY!



WE HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! GRIMM'S MACHINE WORKS! THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE UNKNOWN TO STRIKE!

THEN—AS THE TIME MACHINE RETURNS TO THE PRESENT!

NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'LL CONK DE OLD GUY!



AT LAST MAN HAS CONQUERED TIME! I SHALL BE AS FAMOUS AS KOCH, PASTEUR AND EDISON!

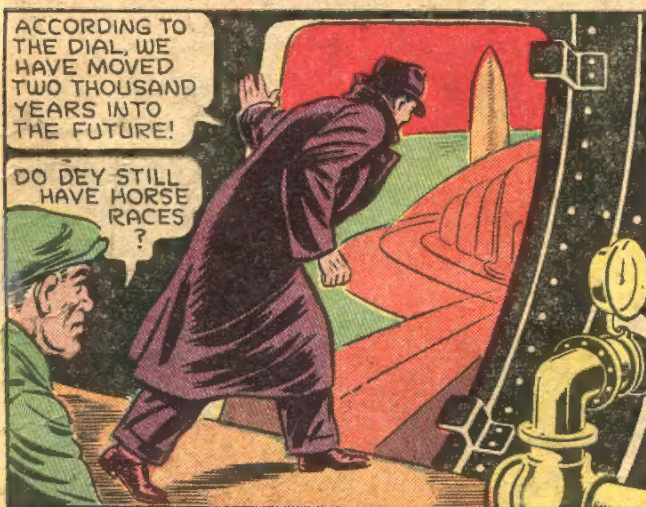
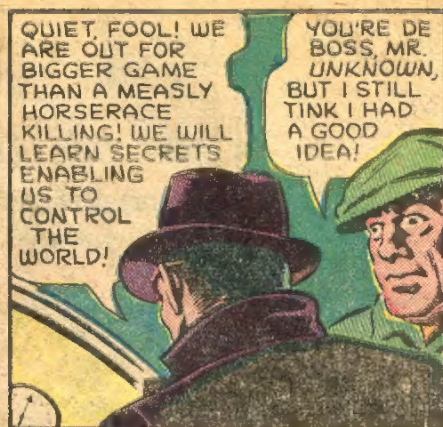
OUTTA DA WAY OLD STUFF! DE BOSS NEEDS DAT TIME MACHINE O' YOURS!



GOOD WORK, SLUGGER! NOW—INTO THE TIME MACHINE! WE ARE GOING ON A JOURNEY INTO UNBORN TIME!

CHEE! DIS IS GONNA BE EXCITIN'!





IN A PRIVATE LOCKER ROOM AT THE CLUBHOUSE, THE SICKLY TED KNIGHT CHANGES HIS CLOTHES --AND HIS PERSONALITY! GARBED IN THE SCARLET UNIFORM OF STARMAN, HE SOARS UP INTO THE NIGHT!



SITUATED HIGH ON A CRAGGY MOUNTAIN IS THE SECRET MEETING PLACE WHERE F.B.I. ACE WOODLEY ALLEN AND STARMAN HOLD THEIR "OFF THE RECORD" CONFERENCES!



I GOT YOUR ULTRA-SHORT-WAVE SUMMONS, ALLEN! WHAT'S UP? ANOTHER BIG, BAD MENACE?

YOU GUESSED IT! THIS CASE IS AS WEIRD AS ANY I'VE EVER TURNED OVER TO YOU! THE COUNTRY'S PETROLEUM AND GAS SUPPLY IS IN DANGER!

BLAZES HAVE BROKEN OUT IN OUR BIGGEST OIL REFINERIES AND PETROLEUM WORKS, AND SO MANY WORKMEN HAVE MET FIERY DEATHS THAT THE PLANTS MAY HAVE TO CLOSE! THE FIRES ARE CAUSED BY FLAMING THUNDERBOLTS THAT SPURT FROM THE SKY AS IF AIMED BY AN INVISIBLE HAND!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE FIERY TORNADO STRIKES AT A HUGE PETROLEUM PLANT!



IT'S THE FLAMING CLOUD!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S GOING TO STRIKE THE OIL TANKS!

THE PLANT IS ENGLUED BY A SEA OF FLAME, AS THE VAST STORES OF OIL AND GASOLINE ARE IGNITED BY FIERY BOLTS FROM THE SKY!

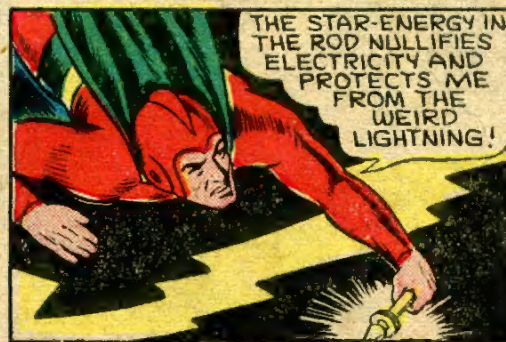
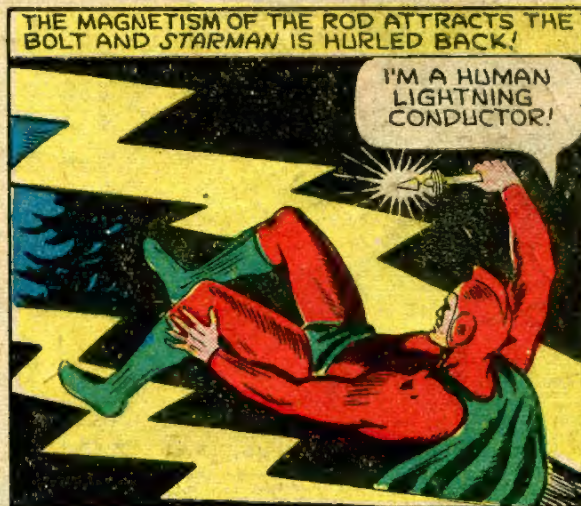
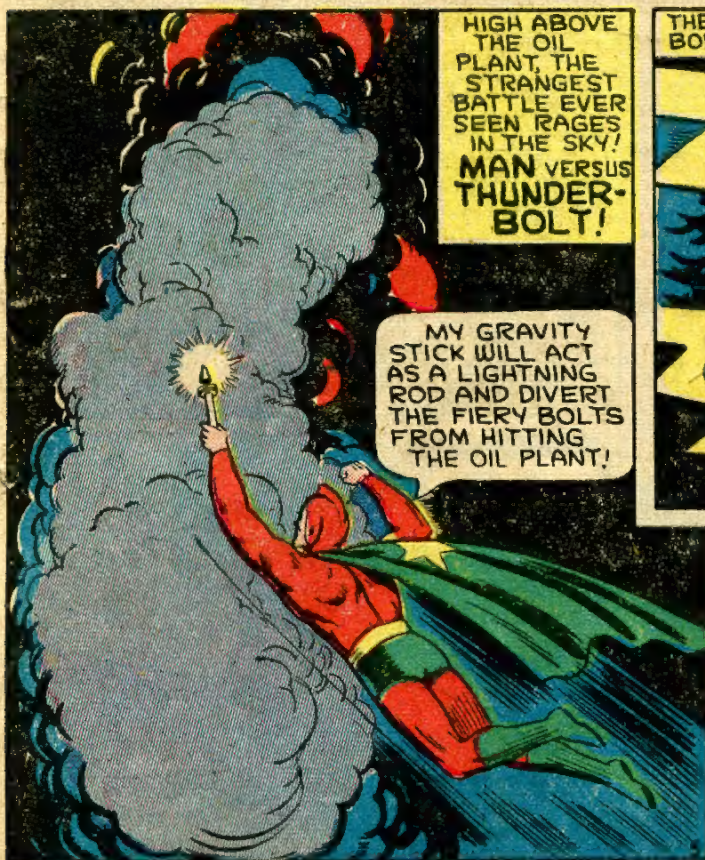
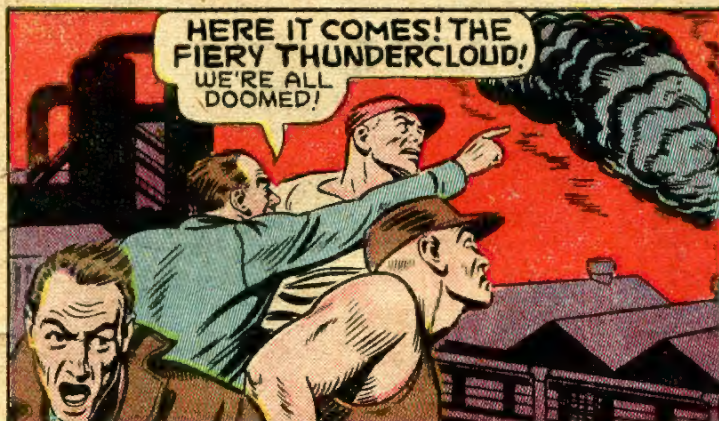
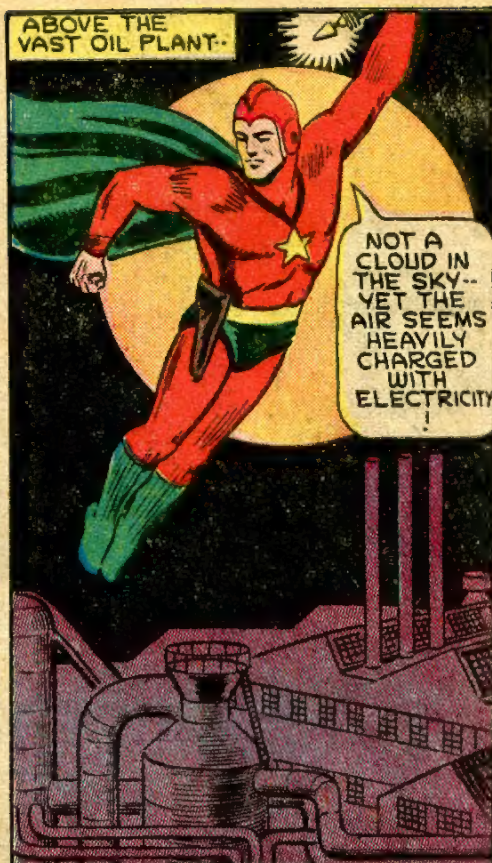


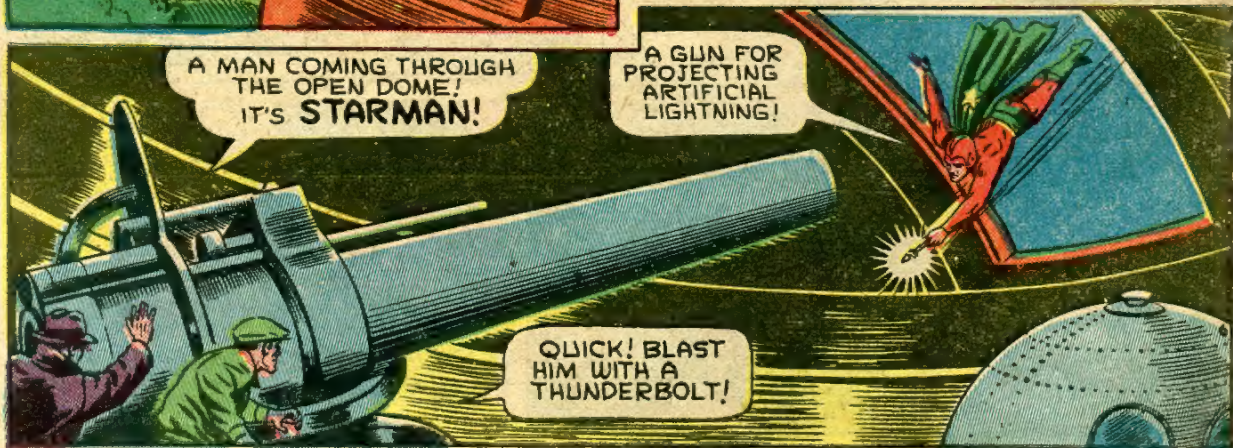
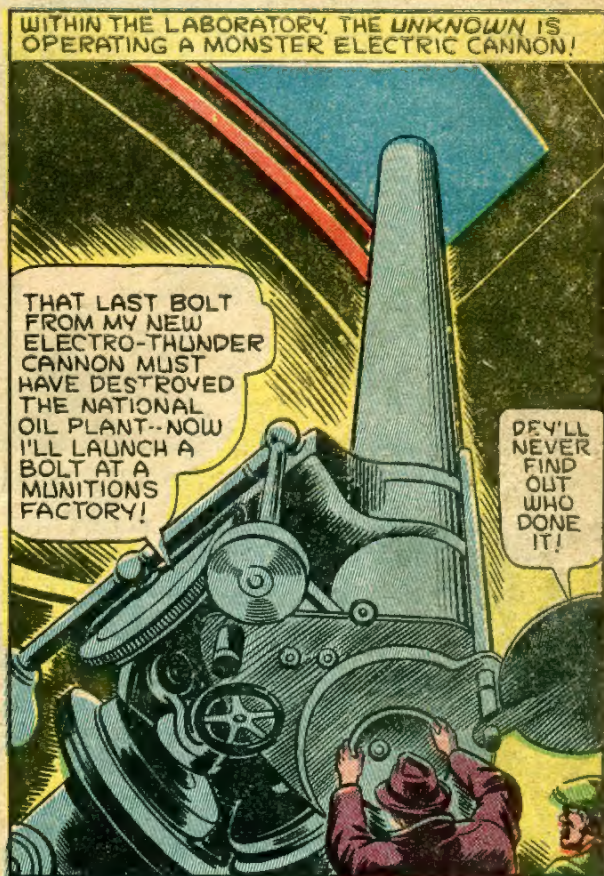
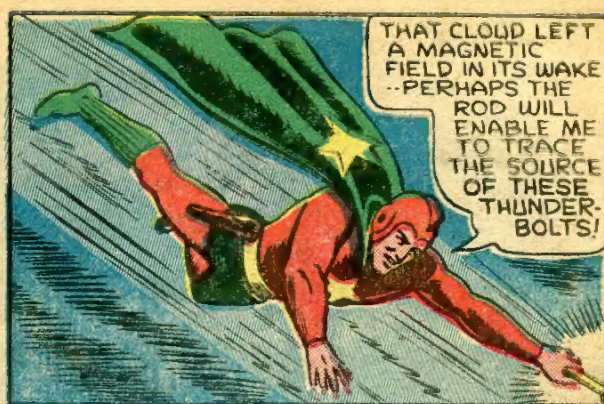
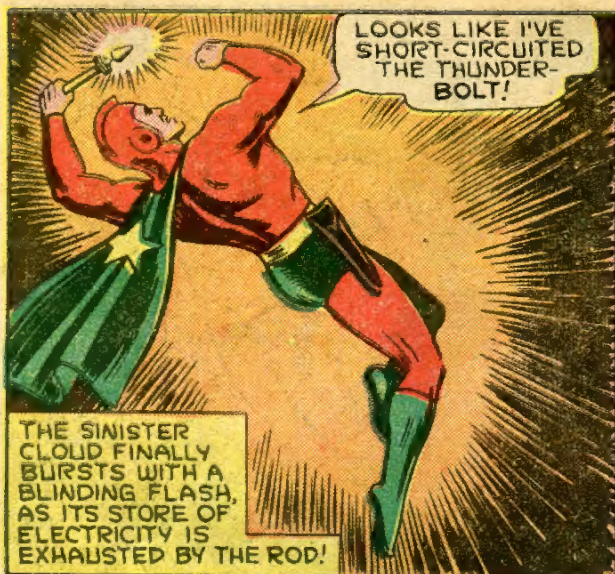
MEANWHILE - STARMAN SETS OFF ON HIS NEW MISSION!

I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN COPE WITH FIERY THUNDERBOLTS! BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!



GOOD LUCK! I KNOW YOU WON'T FAIL US!





STARMAN LANDS ON TOP OF THE CANNON JUST AS IT FIRES AN ELECTRO-THUNDERBOLT!



THIS BIG GUN BARREL IS SLIPPERY. I'LL SLIDE DOWN AND MEET THOSE BOYS AT THE OTHER END!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHUMS? DID THE CANNON BACKFIRE?



YOW! LOOK OUT!

THE UNKNOWN'S BAND OF THUGS LEAP AT STARMAN!

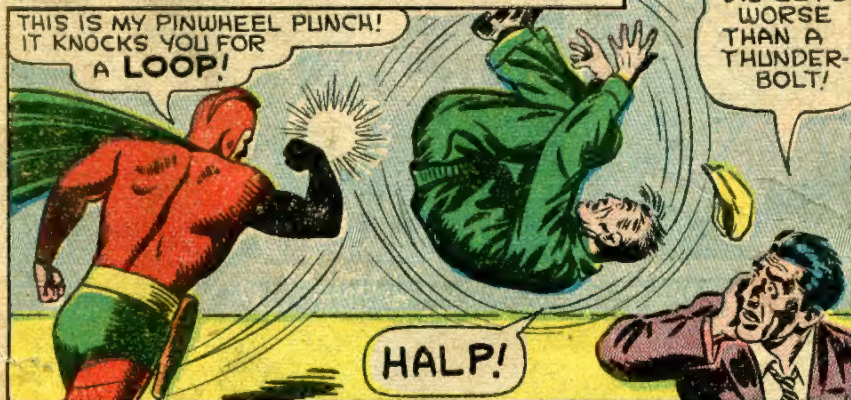


GET HIM!

THE STRAIGHT-ARM! AN OLD FOOTBALL TRICK I LEARNED AT COLLEGE!

OOF!

THIS IS MY PINWHEEL PUNCH! IT KNOCKS YOU FOR A LOOP!



DIS GUY'S WORSE THAN A THUNDER-BOLT!

MAYBE LIGHTNING DOESN'T STRIKE TWICE, BUT I DO!



HALP!

LEMME GO! LEMME GO!

I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE! THE TIME MACHINE IS MY ONLY HOPE!



SWING HIGH, SWING LOW!

THE MAN OF NIGHT HURLS THE THUG HEAD FIRST INTO THE HUGE MOUTH OF THE THUNDER GUN!

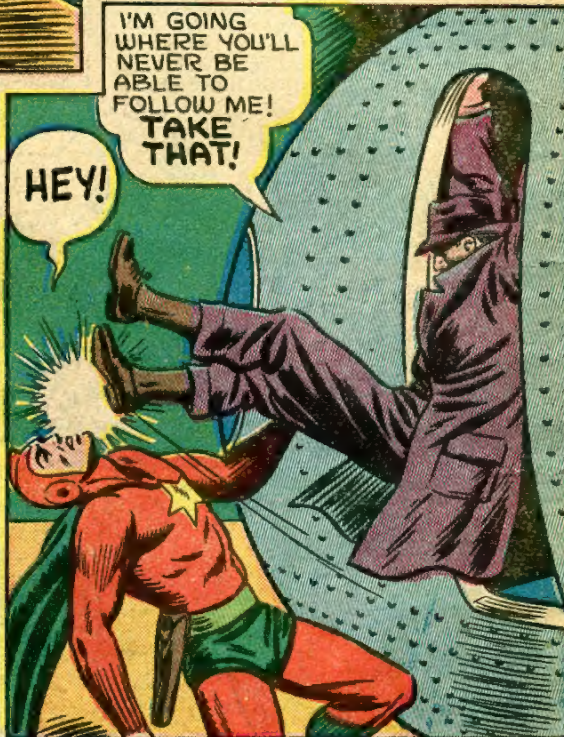


ALL RIGHT--
I'LL LET YOU
GO--RIGHT INTO
THE CANNON'S
MOUTH!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT THIS
MOB UNDER CONTROL--
SAY! THAT MYSTERY MAN,
IN THE MUFFLED-UP
OVERCOAT, IS
TRYING TO MAKE
A GETAWAY!

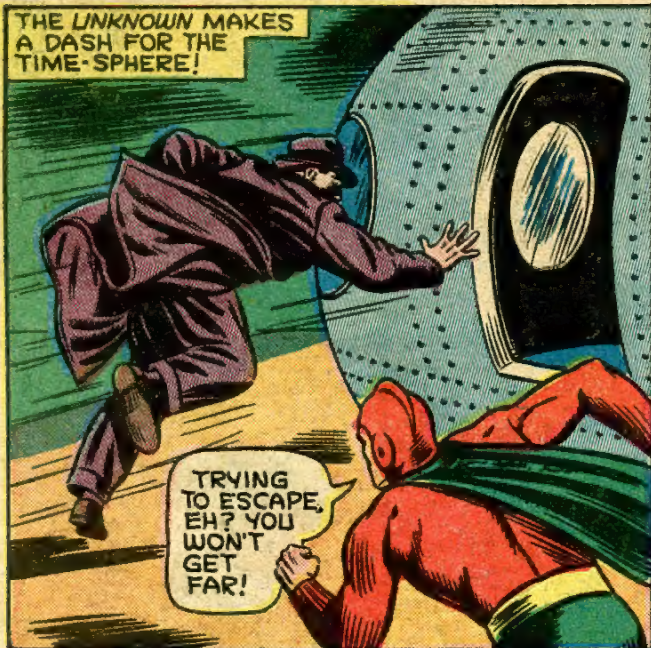


I'M GOING
WHERE YOU'LL
NEVER BE
ABLE TO
FOLLOW ME!
**TAKE
THAT!**



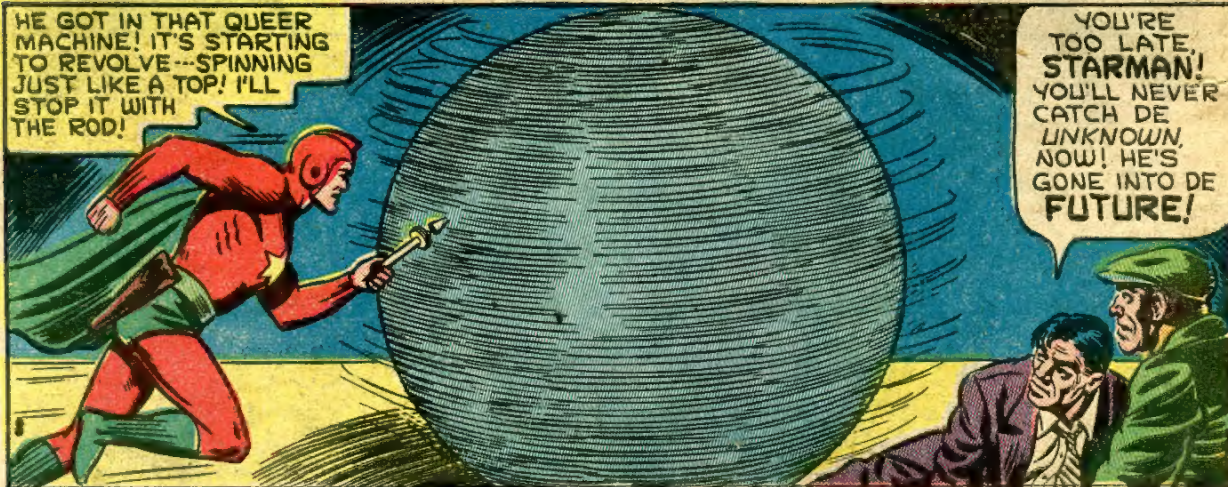
HEY!

THE UNKNOWN MAKES
A DASH FOR THE
TIME-SPHERE!

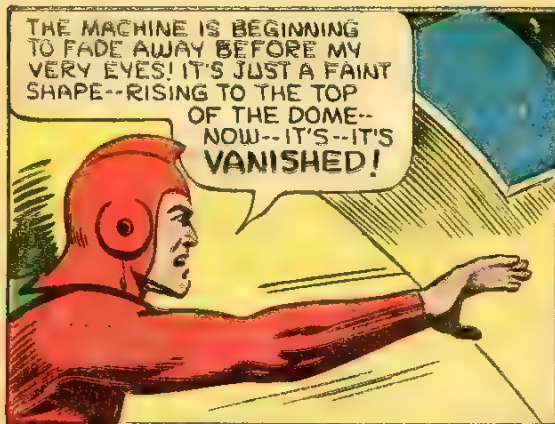


TRYING
TO ESCAPE,
EH? YOU
WON'T
GET
FAR!

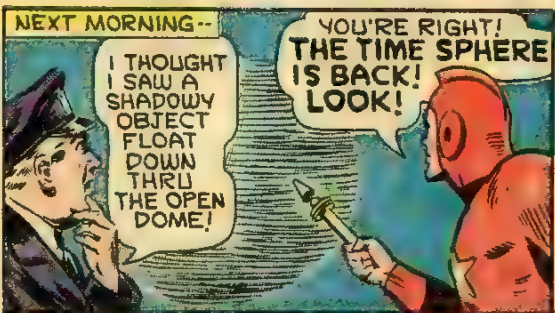
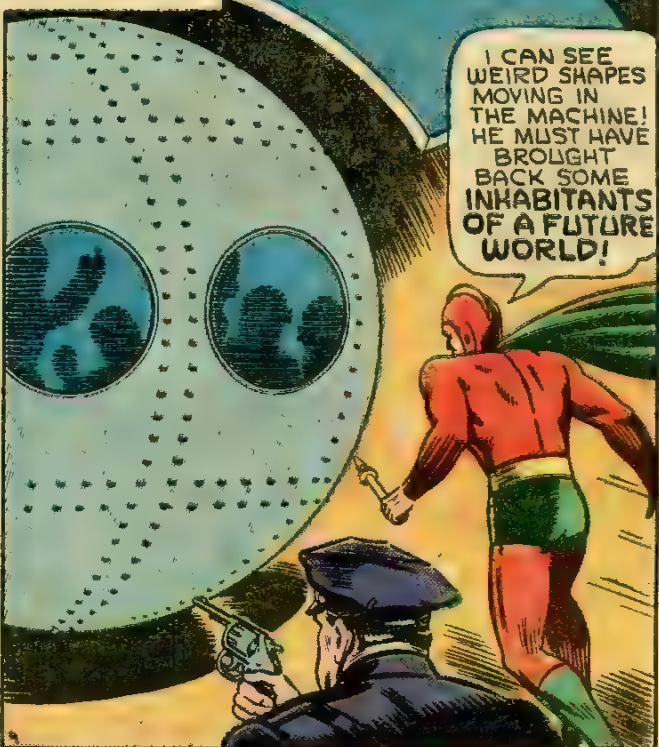
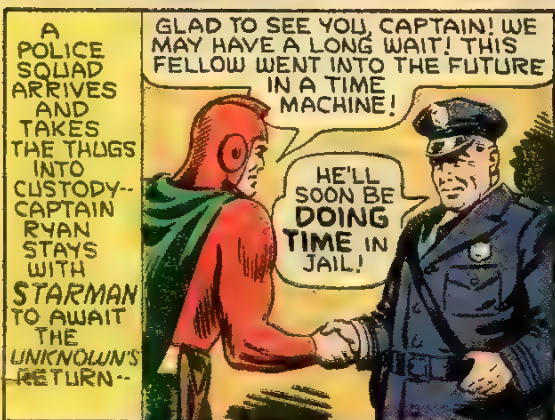
HE GOT IN THAT QUEER
MACHINE! IT'S STARTING
TO REVOLVE--SPINNING
JUST LIKE A TOP! I'LL
STOP IT WITH
THE ROD!

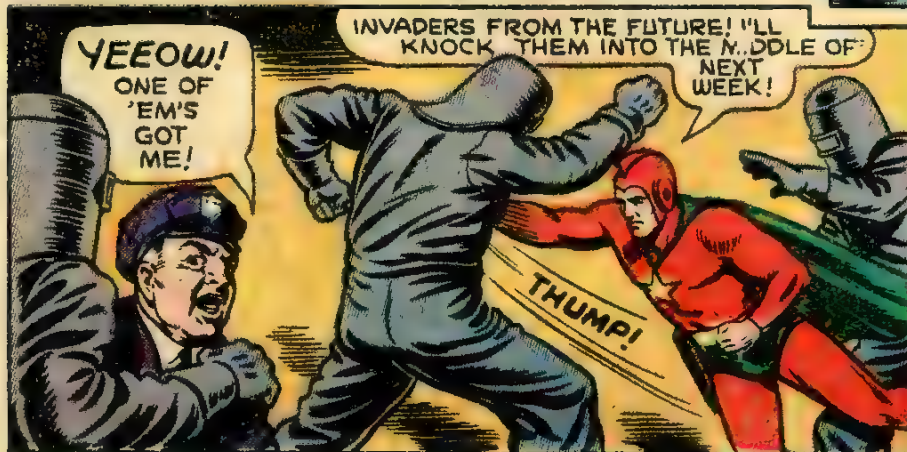
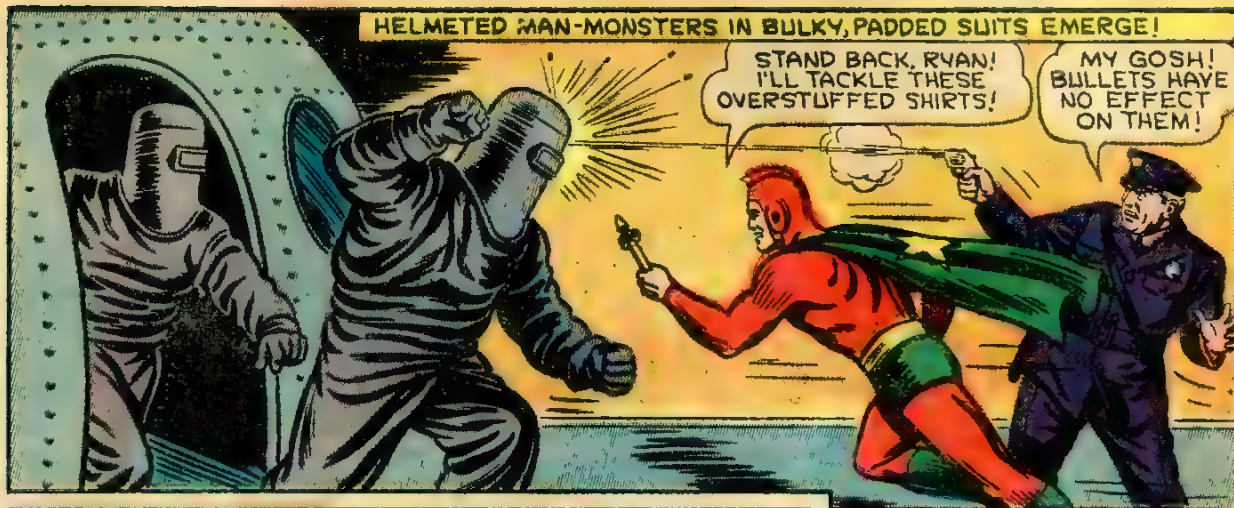


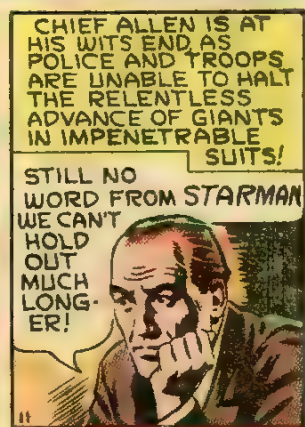
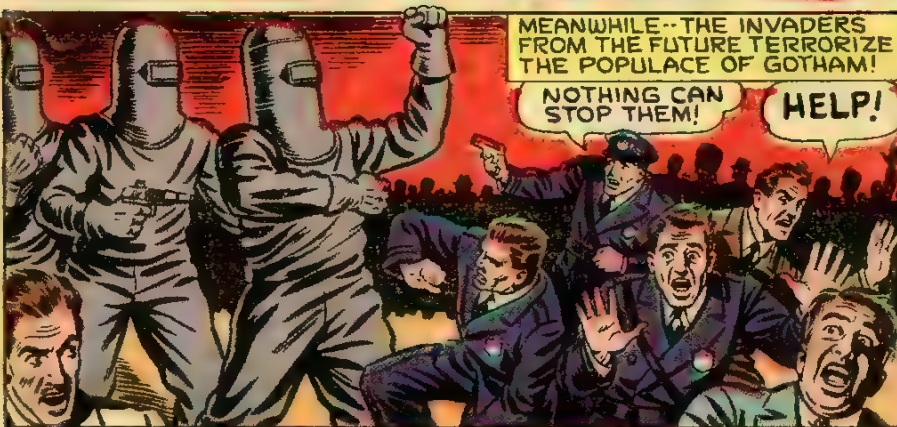
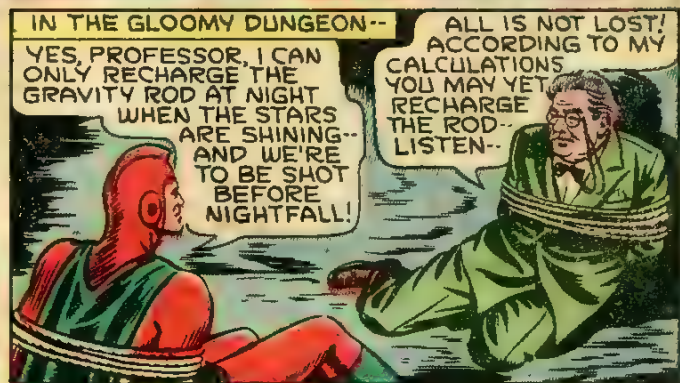
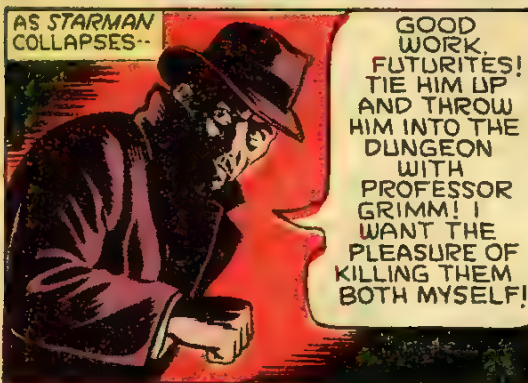
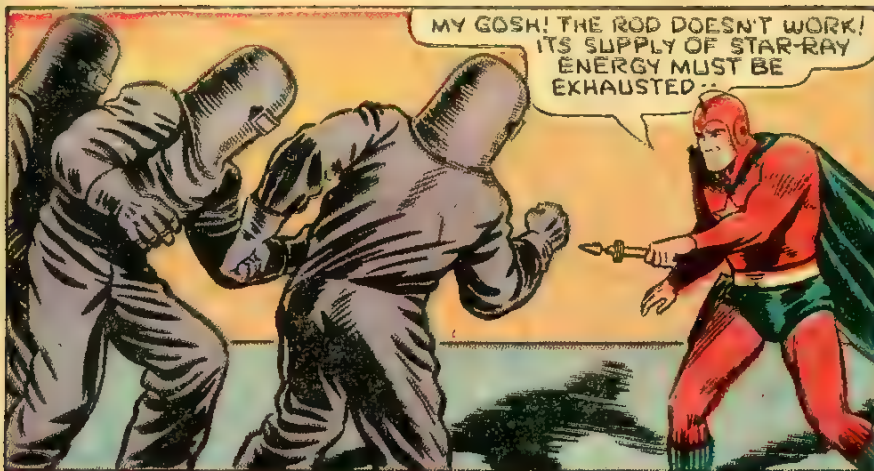
YOU'RE
TOO LATE,
STARMAN!
YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH DE
UNKNOWN,
NOW! HE'S
GONE INTO DE
FUTURE!



AS THE SPHERE MATERIALIZES--



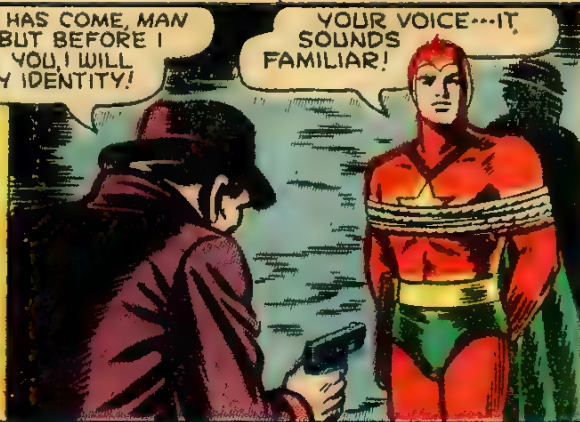




YOUR TIME HAS COME, MAN OF NIGHT! BUT BEFORE I ELIMINATE YOU, I WILL REVEAL MY IDENTITY!

YOUR VOICE---IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

IT IS STILL EARLY AFTER NOON WHEN THE UNKNOWN RETURNS TO THE DUNGEON!



THE UNKNOWN TURNS OUT TO BE--

YES--I AM YOUR OLD ENEMY--THE LIGHT! YOU FOILED MY PLANS TO CONQUER THE WORLD BEFORE-- BUT NOW I HAVE TRIUMPHED!



THE LIGHT TAKES STARMAN FROM THE GLOOMY DUNGEON--A METAL DOOR RISES, AND THEY EMERGE INTO THE OPEN AIR FROM A SECRET LABORATORY EXIT!



TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK AT THE SUNSHINE, MAN OF NIGHT! YOU HAVE JUST FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE!

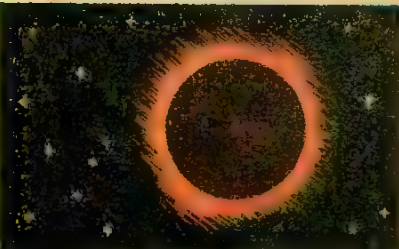
(THIS IS THE END--UNLESS PROFESSOR GRIMM'S PREDICTION IS RIGHT TO THE MINUTE!)

IT'S ONLY TWO P.M. AND YET IT'S GETTING DARK! A STORM MUST BE BREWING!

THERE'S STORMY WEATHER AHEAD FOR YOU!



THEN--THE SKY TURNS BLACK--THE STARS BECOME VISIBLE--IT IS AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN!



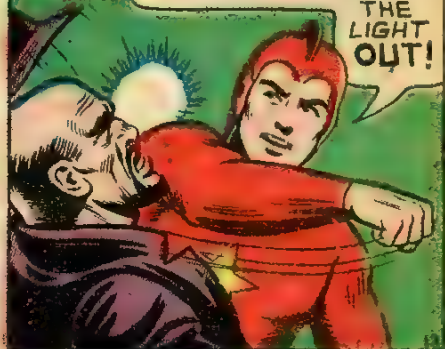
AS THE STARS APPEAR, THE GRAVITY ROD GLOWS ANEW WITH STELLAR FORCE--AND STARMAN BURSTS HIS BONDS!

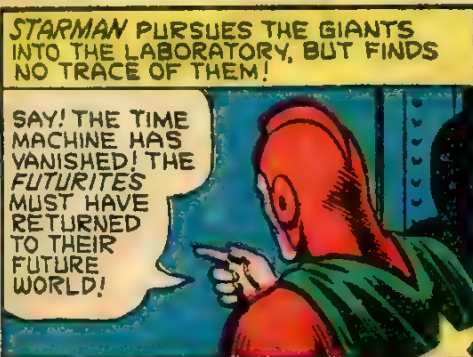
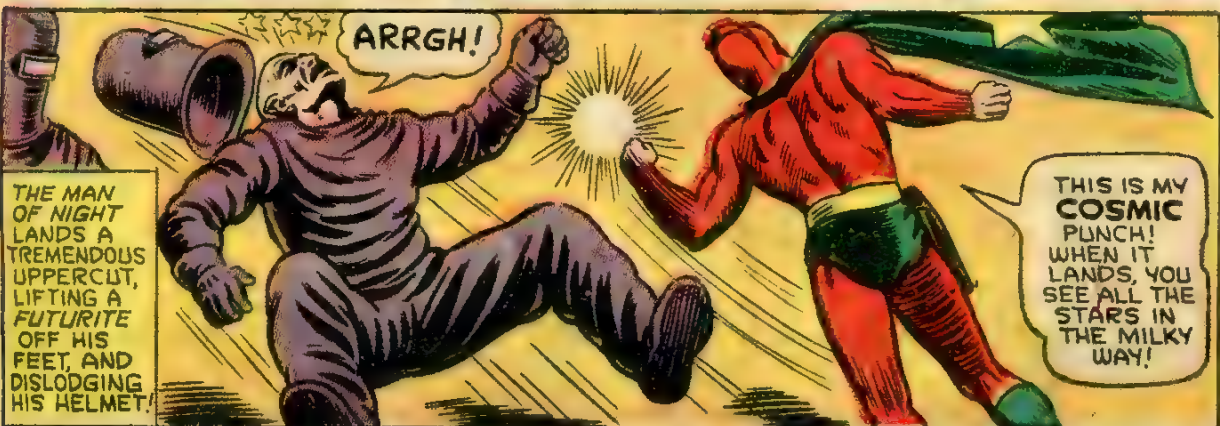
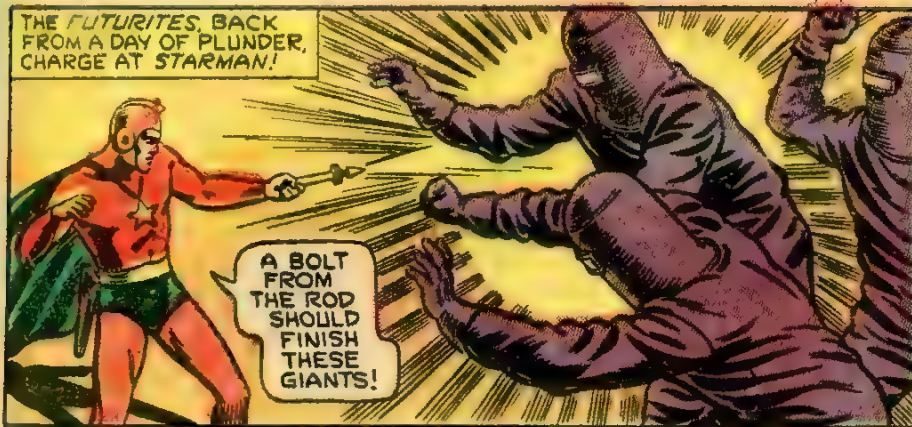
AN ECLIPSE! GRIMM MUST HAVE KNOWN THIS WOULD OCCUR!

THE ROD'S POWER MAKES YOUR GUN USELESS!



THE ROD HAS ABSORBED THE STARS' RAYS--NOW YOU'LL SEE STARS! I'M PUTTING THE LIGHT OUT!


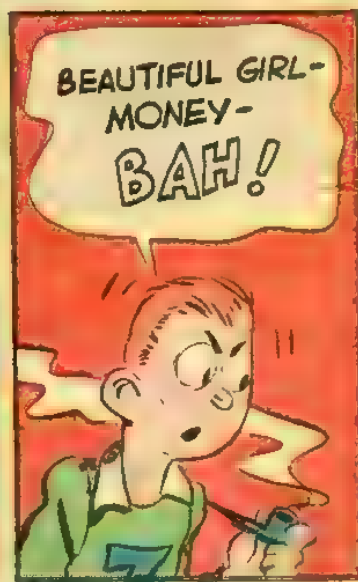
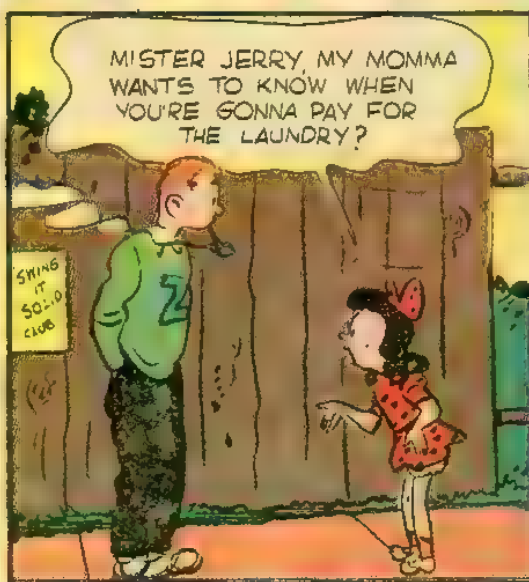
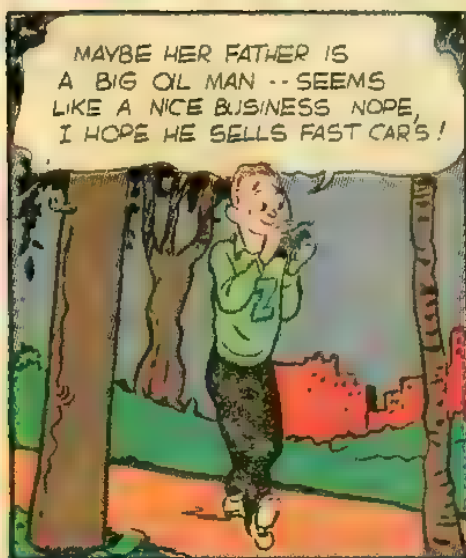
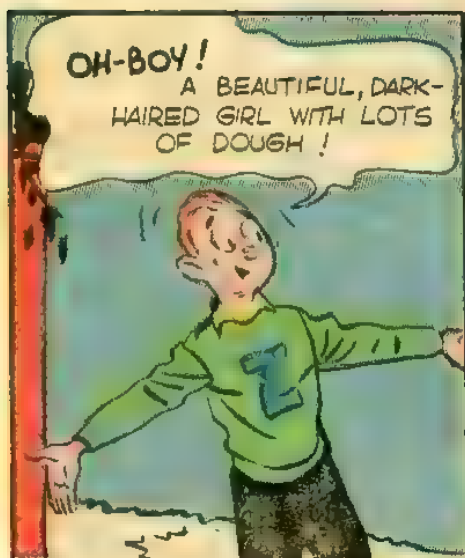




JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

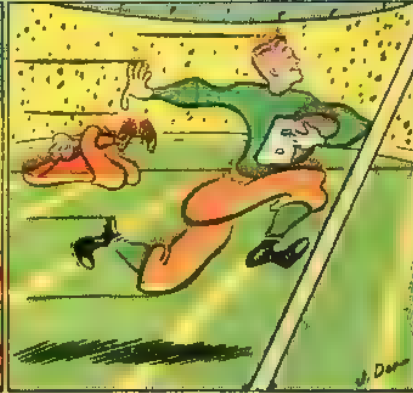
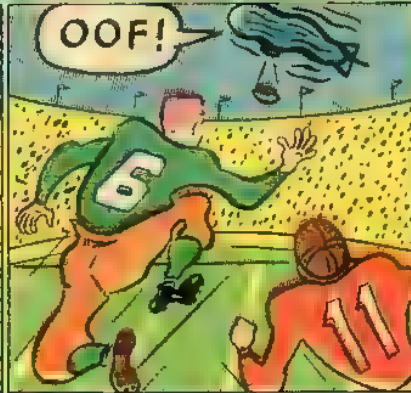
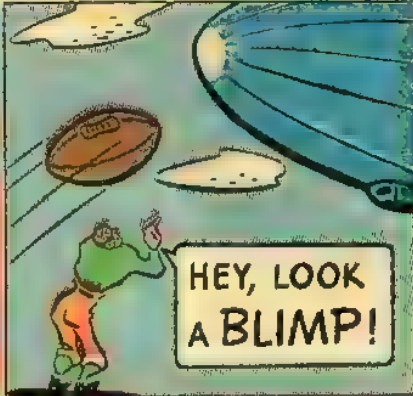
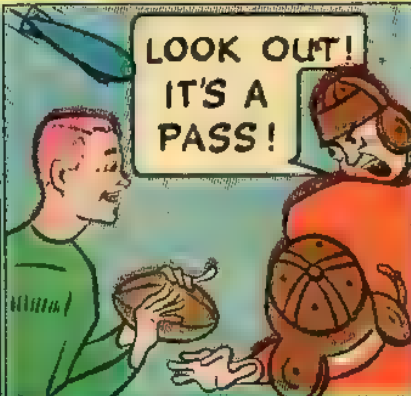
HENRY
G. JONES



BOSH! THAT ICE CREAM
HI-BALL TASTED
GOOD!

"SUPER" DUPER ... THE ONE-MAN TEAM



READ HOW TO MAKE A CANADA DRY ICE CREAM HI-BALL!

Here's my secret formula for one of the snazziest drinks ever invented.

Put a smooth-watering mountain of vanilla ice cream into a glass and fill with tangy, gingery Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

Good? It's super-good! Come on... try it!

FREE! Genuine man-eating tiger shark's tooth. Just send one Canada Dry bottle cap to Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., P. O. Box 848, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

SUPERCHARGED WITH SUPER-PEP!

NEW "SPLIT" SIZE

GET THE HANDY HOME GARTON. COSTS NO MORE THAN "POP"

CANADA DRY

GINGER ALE

IT'S INVIGORATING!

THE SHINING KNIGHT



AGAIN THE
WORLD KNOWS A
CHAMPION IN KNIGHTLY
ARMOR! SIR JUSTIN,
WHO CAME TO THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY
FROM KING ARTHUR'S
ROUND TABLE, WIELDS HIS
SWORD OF SHARPNESS
AND SPURS HIS FLYING
STEED, WINGED VICTORY,
AGAINST MODERN FORCES
OF EVIL AS DREADFUL
AS THE OGRES OF OLD
TIME! AND ALL OF THE
SHINING KNIGHT'S
COURAGE AND STRENGTH
ARE NEEDED WHEN
HE STORMS---
**THE STRONGHOLD
OF SAVARR!**

I'M SORRY, DREW,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
HEAR ANY PROPOSALS
OF MARRIAGE
I CAN'T LOVE
A MAN WHO
NEVER DOES
ANYTHING
EXCITING!

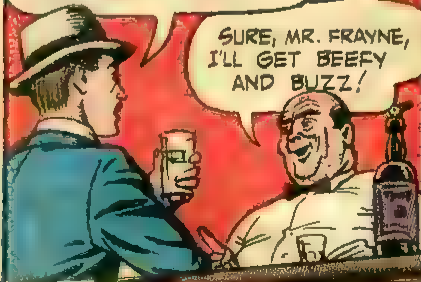


SO YOU WANT EXCITEMENT?
MAYBE YOU'LL GET SOME--
SEE YOU LATER!

WEALTHY DREW FRAYNE FINDS
HE WILL NEED MORE THAN
MONEY TO IMPRESS HIS SWEET-
HEART, MAE VAN
GELDER.

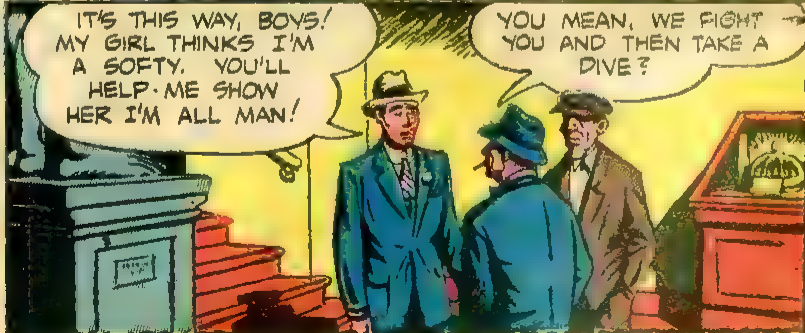
LISTEN, MURPHY, DO YOU
KNOW A COUPLE OF TOUGH
BABIES WHO'D LIKE TO
PICK UP A FEW DOLLARS
PLAYING A JOKE?

SURE, MR. FRAYNE,
I'LL GET BEEFY
AND BUZZ!

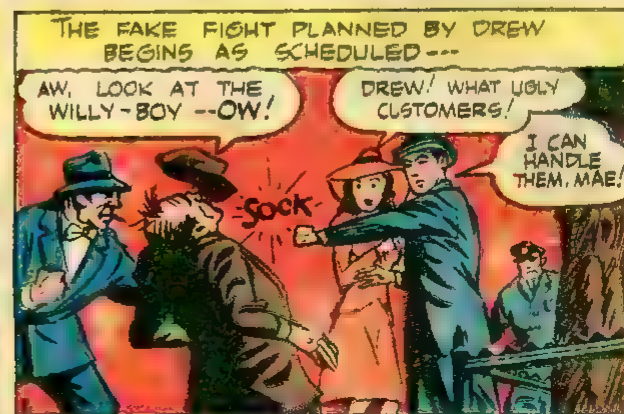
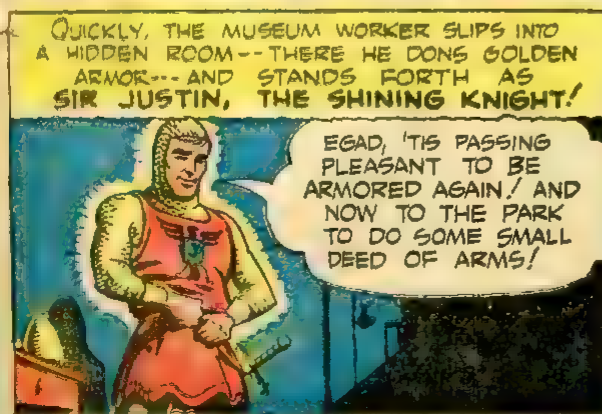
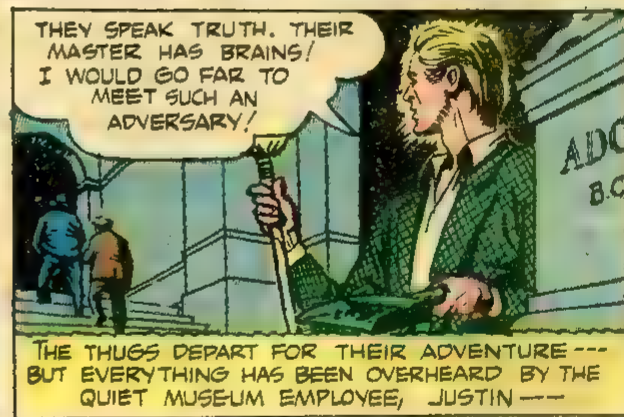
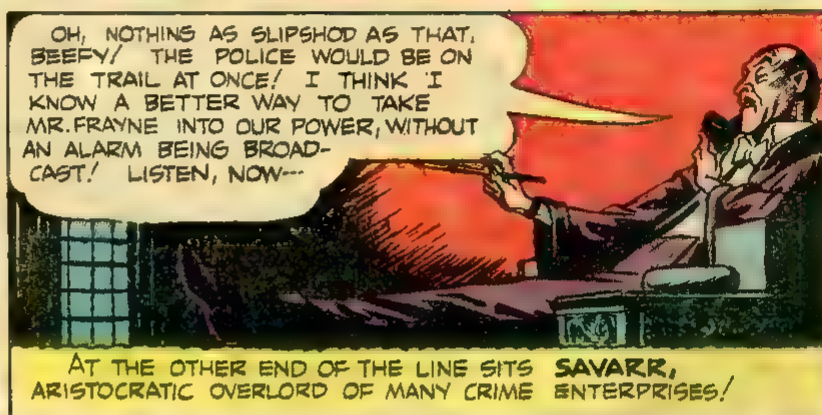


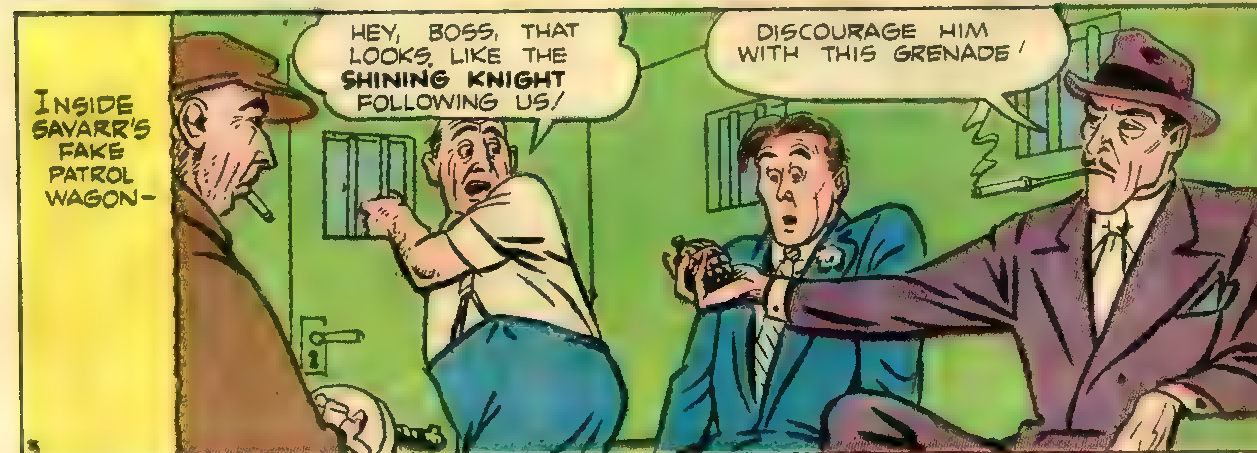
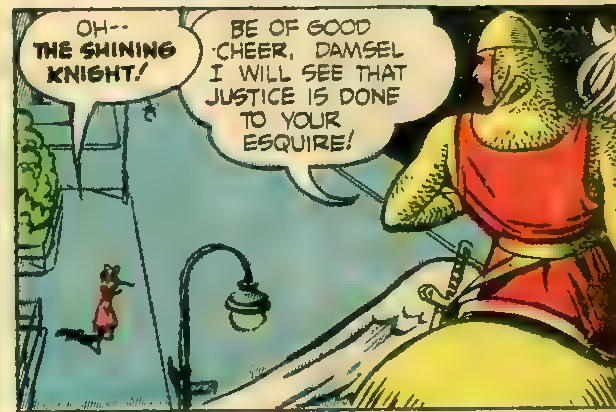
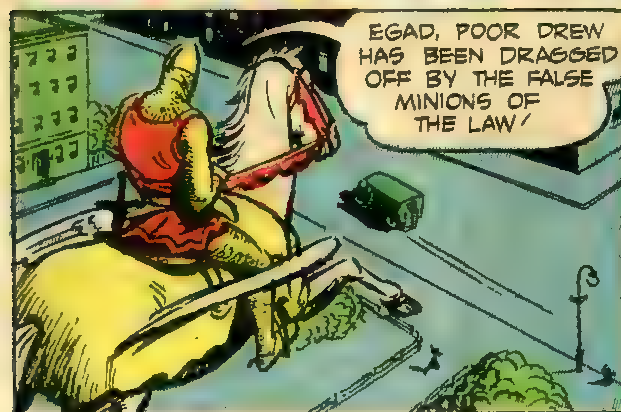
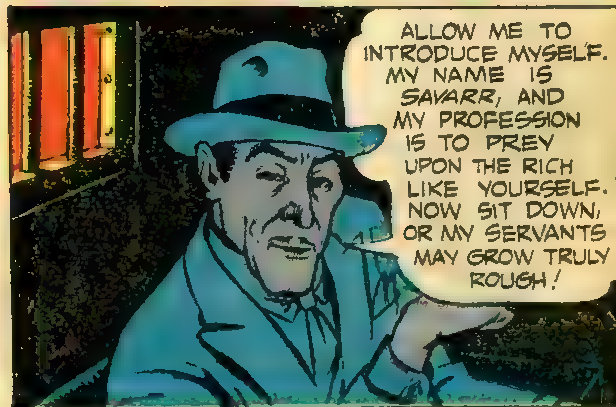
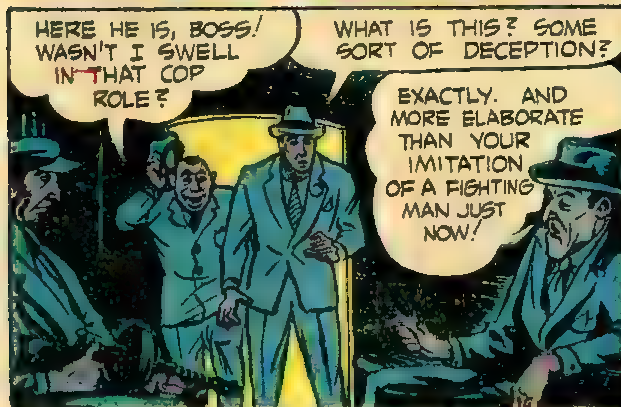
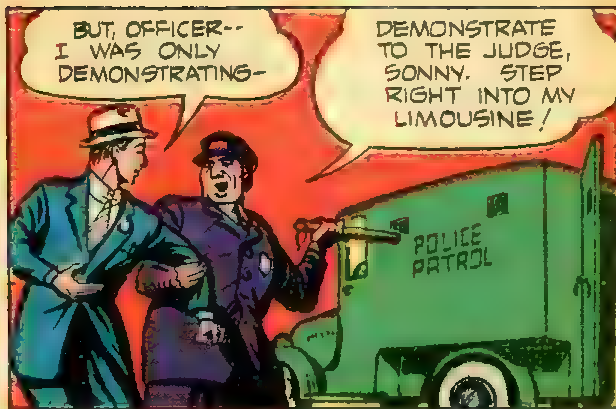
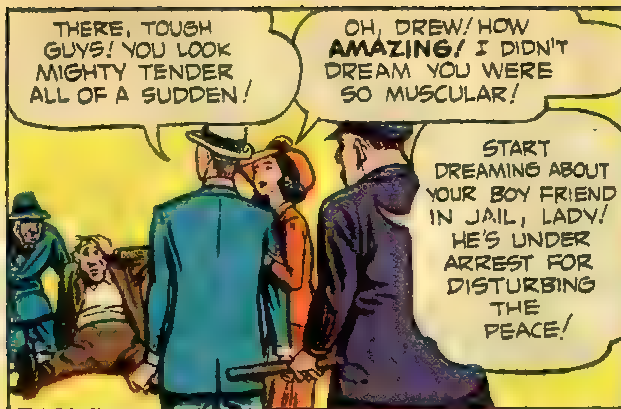
IT'S THIS WAY, BOYS!
MY GIRL THINKS I'M
A SOFTY. YOU'LL
HELP ME SHOW
HER I'M ALL MAN!

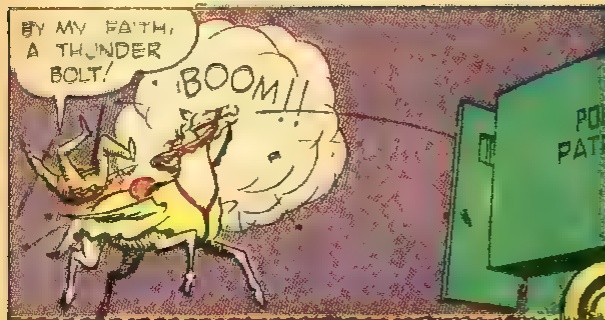
YOU MEAN, WE FIGHT
YOU AND THEN TAKE A
DIVE?



DREW CHOOSES A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE
MUNICIPAL MUSEUM AS A MEETING PLACE---

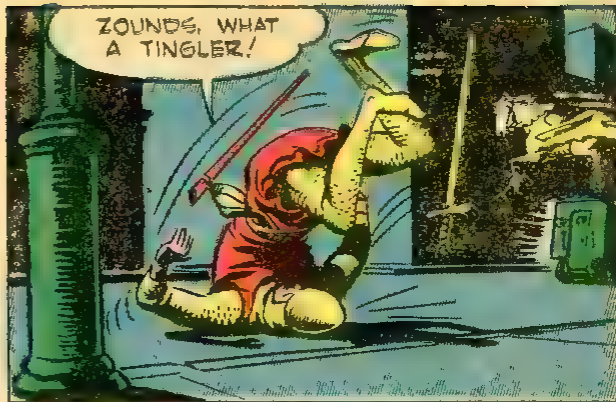




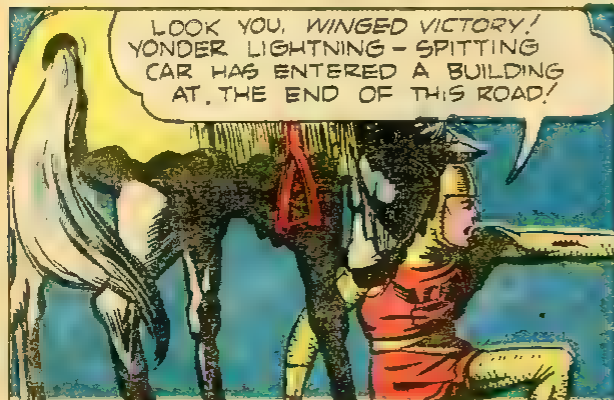


BY MY FAITH, A THUNDER BOLT! BOOM!!

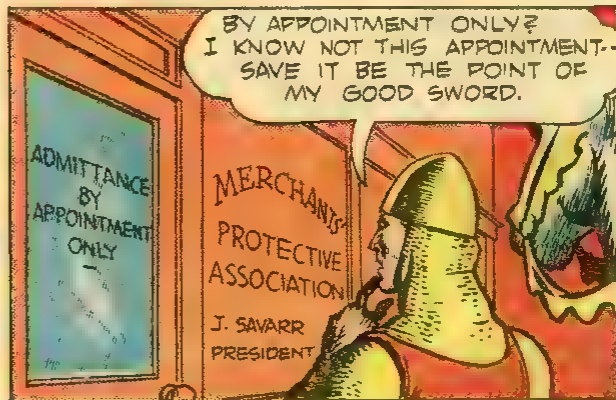
THE MAGIC ARMOR IS PROOF AGAINST THE EXPLOSION -- BUT SIR JUSTIN IS HURLED FROM HIS SADDLE!



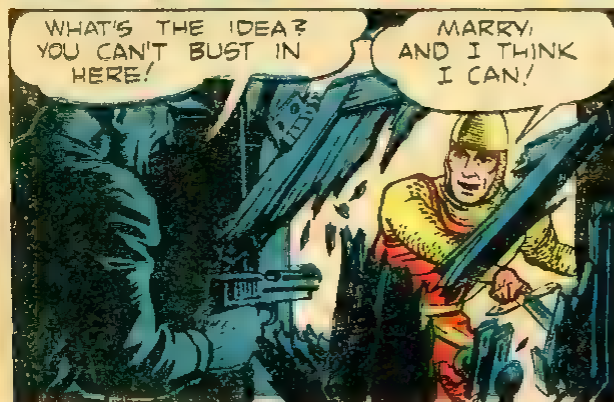
ZOUNDS, WHAT A TINGLER!



LOOK YOU, WINGED VICTORY! YONDER LIGHTNING - SPITTING CAR HAS ENTERED A BUILDING AT THE END OF THIS ROAD!

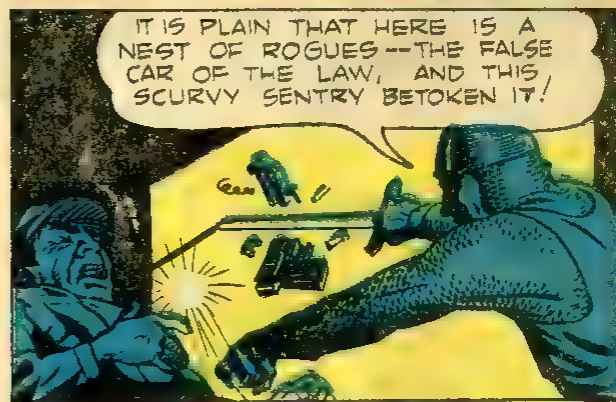


BY APPOINTMENT ONLY? I KNOW NOT THIS APPOINTMENT - SAVE IT BE THE POINT OF MY GOOD SWORD.



WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU CAN'T BUST IN HERE!

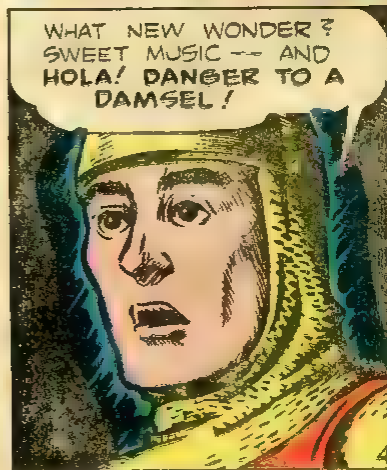
MARRY, AND I THINK I CAN!



IT IS PLAIN THAT HERE IS A NEST OF ROGUES -- THE FALSE CAR OF THE LAW, AND THIS SCURVY SENTRY BETOKEN IT!

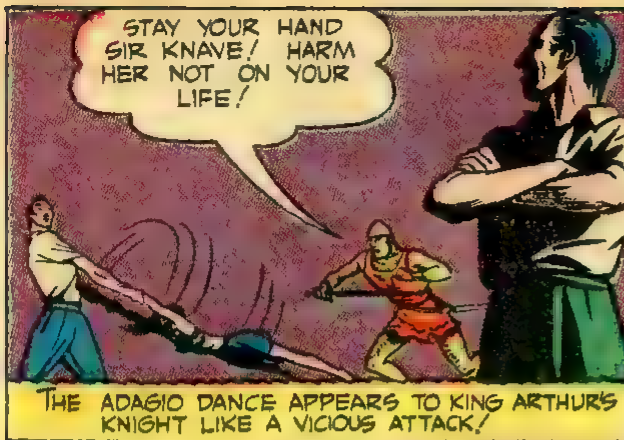


NOW, MAKE THIS DANCE A WOW! WE'LL GET YOU A JOB AT A HIGH-CLASS NIGHT CLUB TO HELP WORK A BIG HOLDUP THERE!

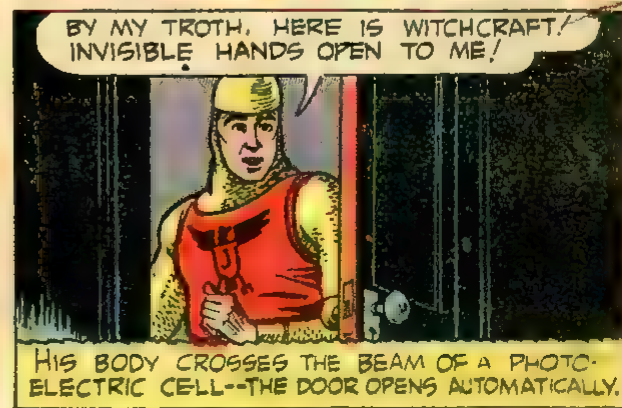
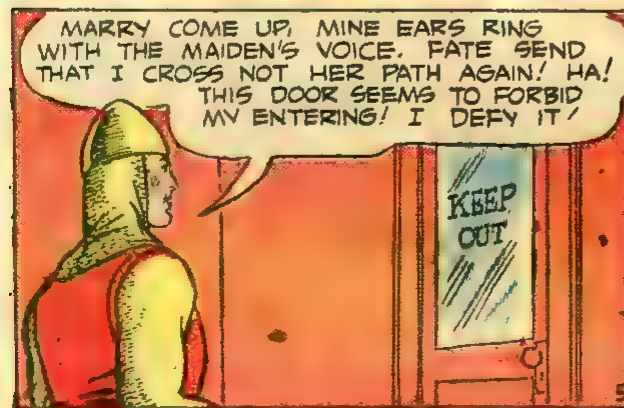
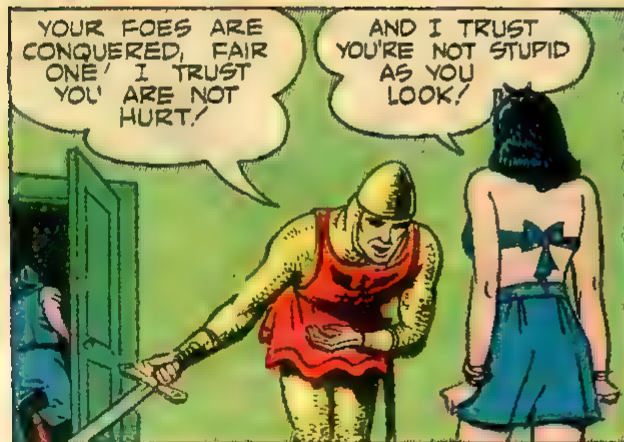
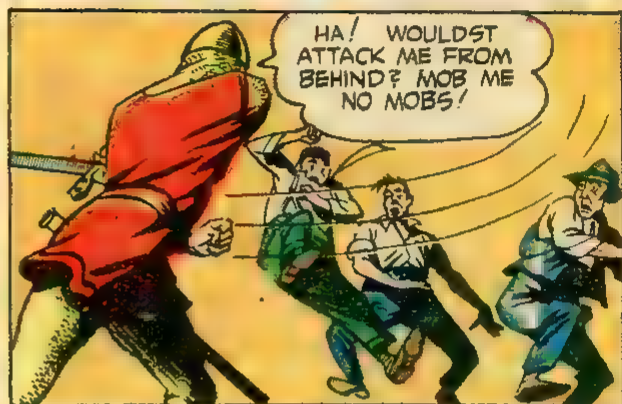
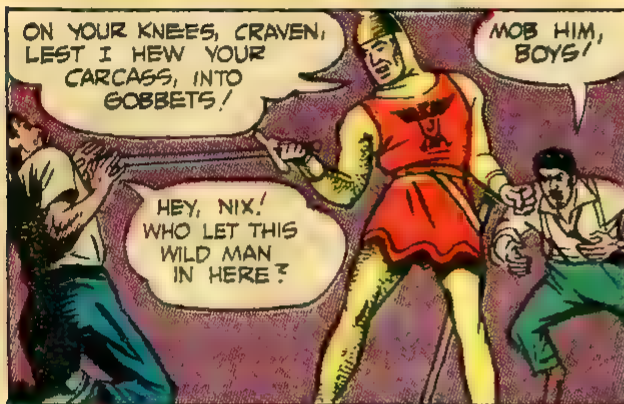
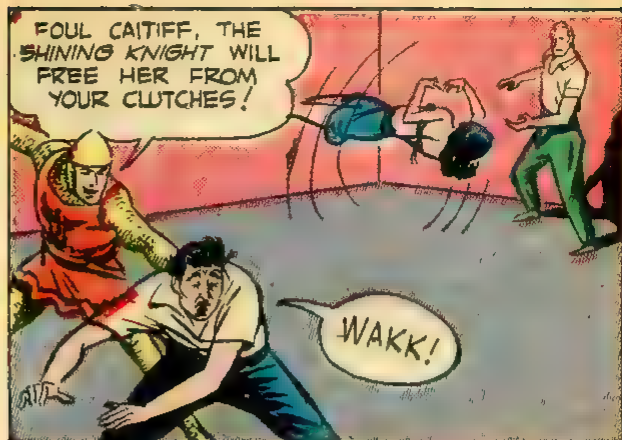


WHAT NEW WONDER? SWEET MUSIC -- AND HOLA! DANGER TO A DAMSEL!

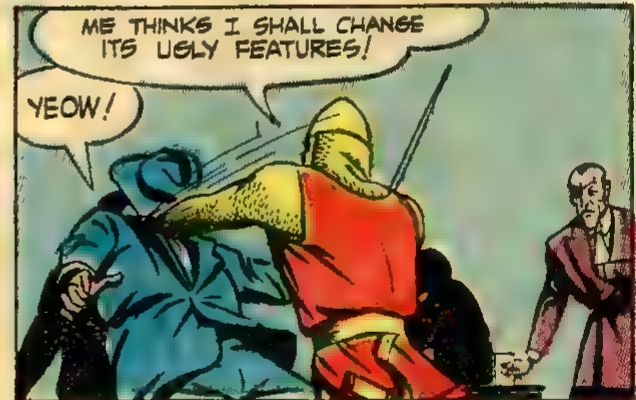
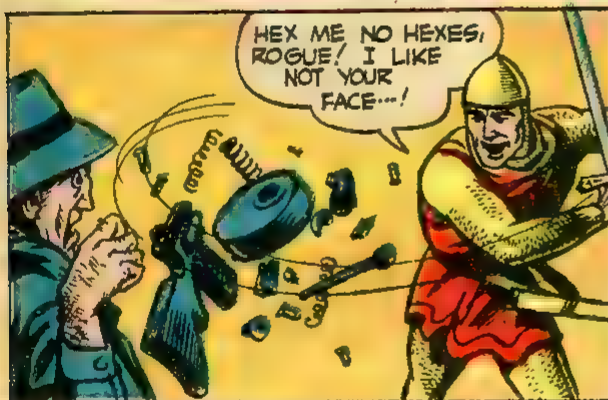
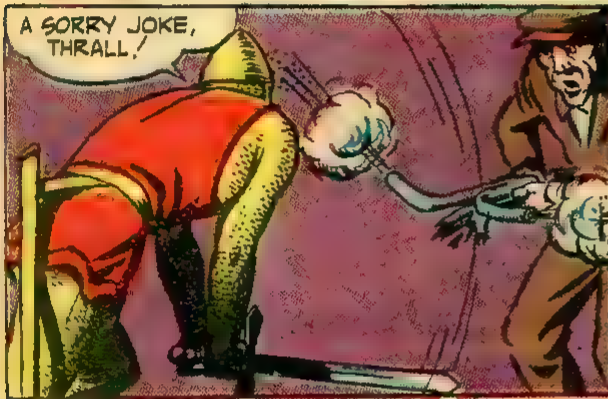
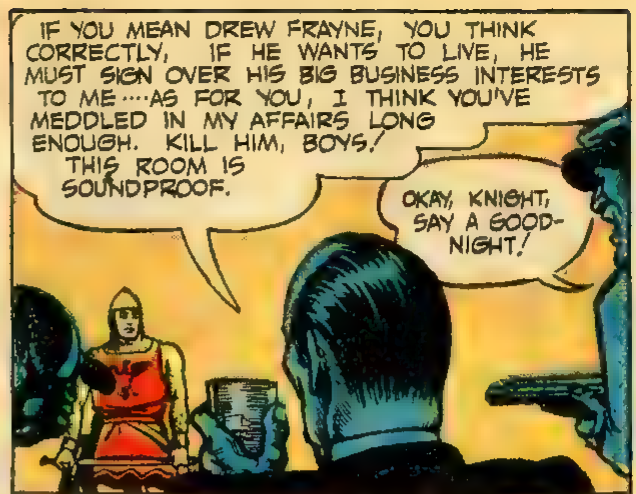
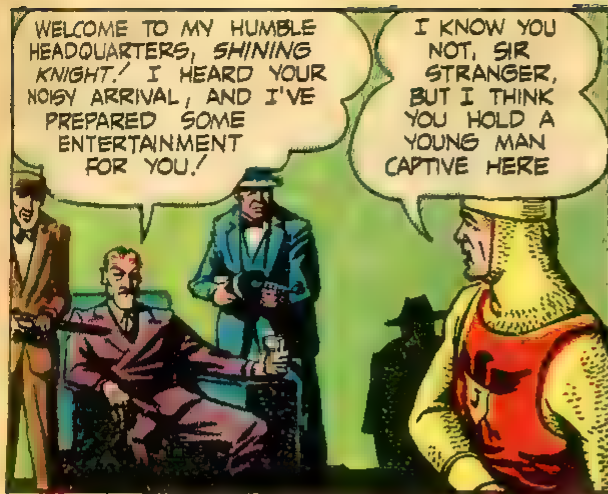
BEYOND THE ENTRANCE HALL, SOME OF SAVARR'S HENCHMEN ARE PERFECTING AN ENTERPRISE FOR CRIMINAL PROFIT...

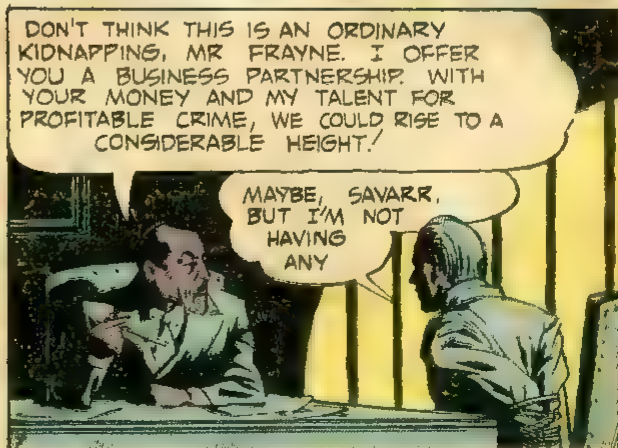
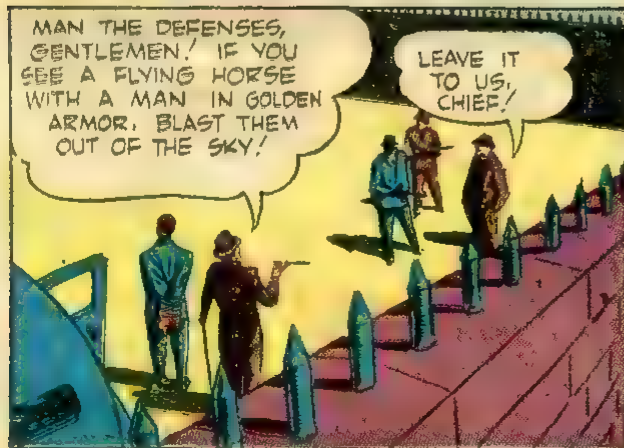
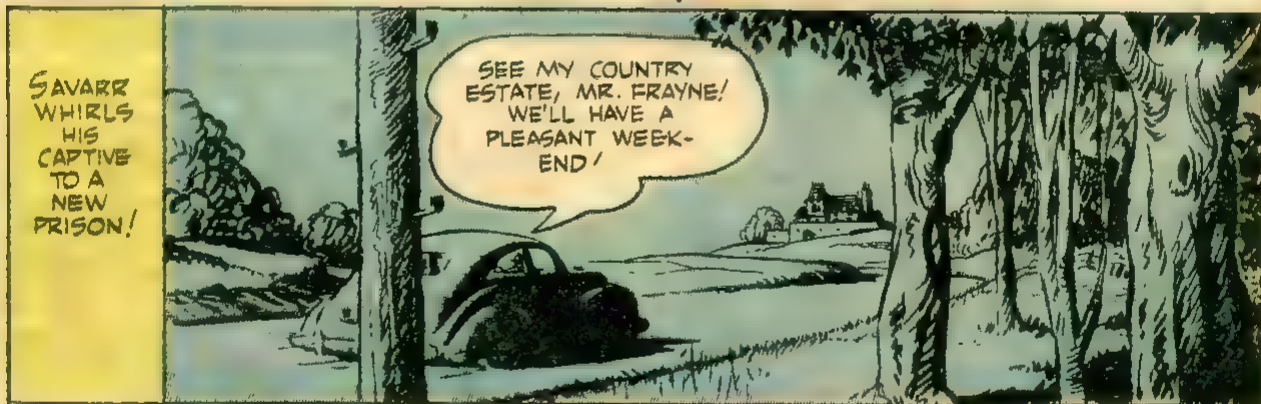
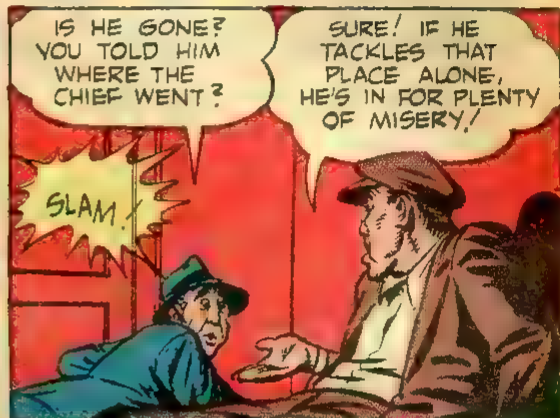
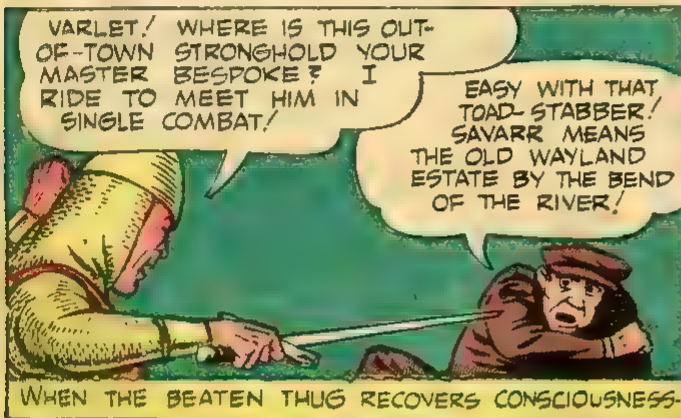
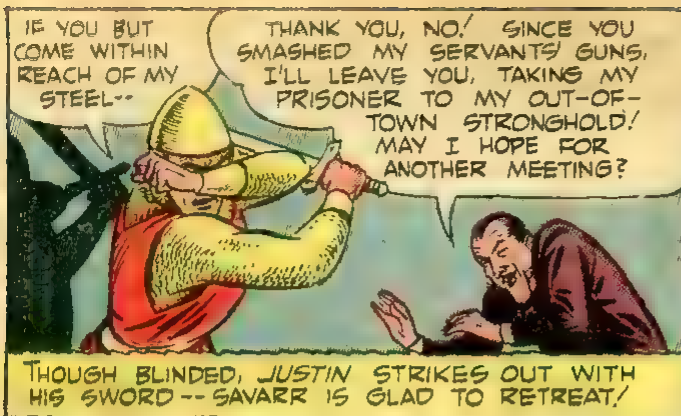


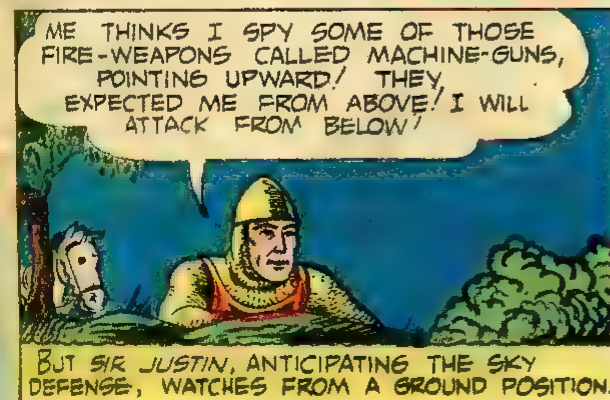
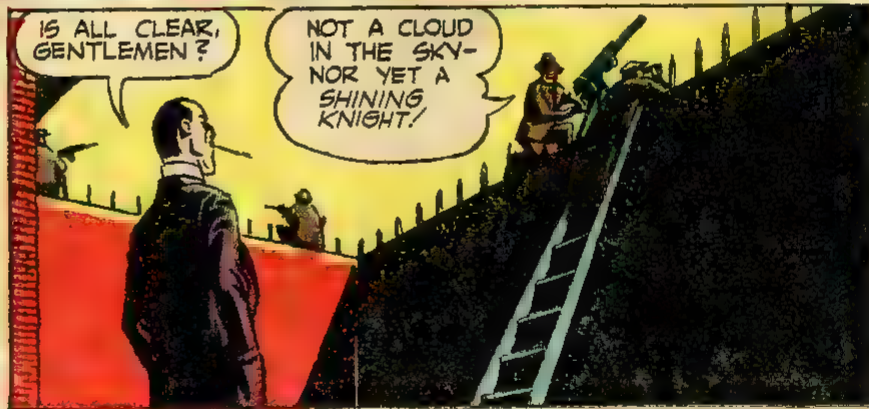
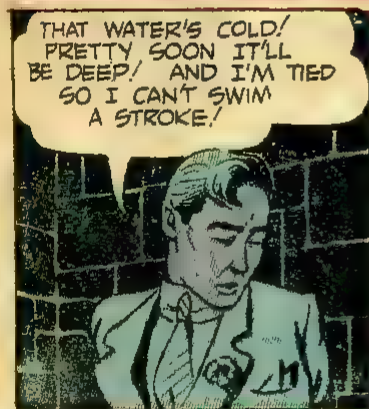
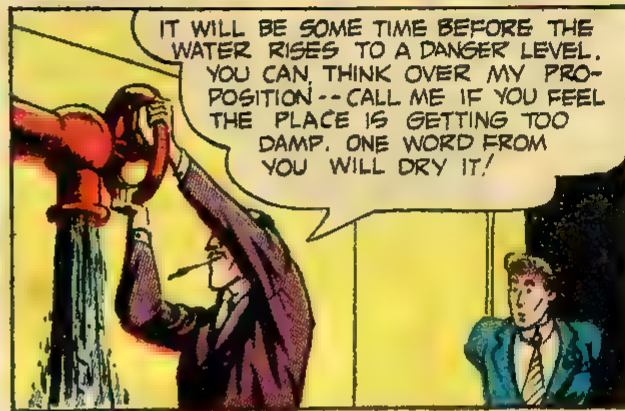
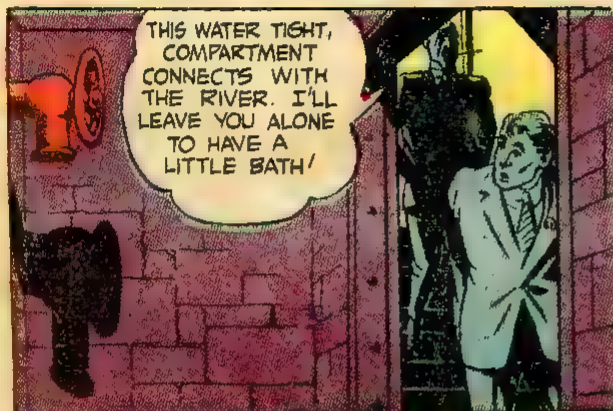
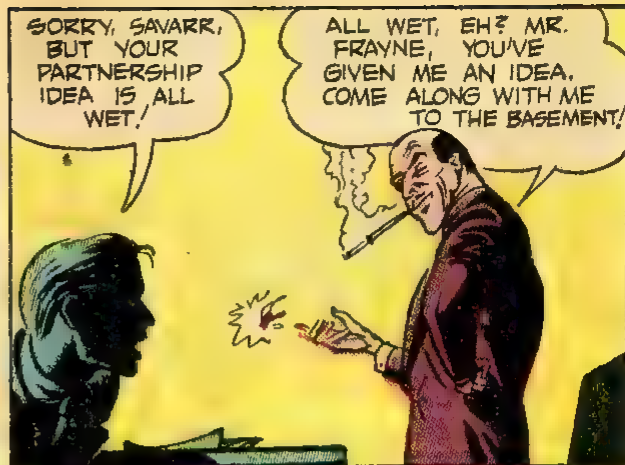
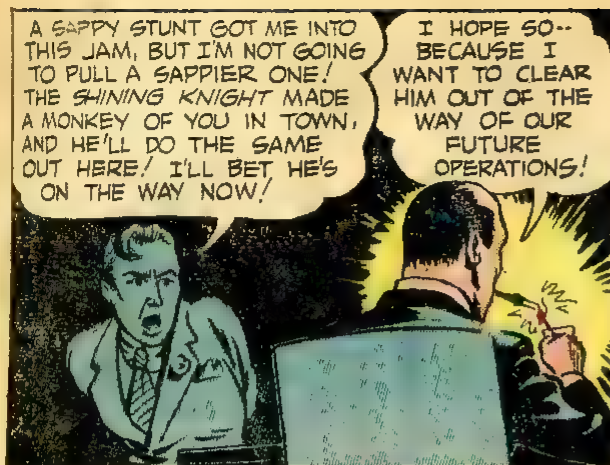
THE ADAGIO DANCE APPEARS TO KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHT LIKE A VICIOUS ATTACK!

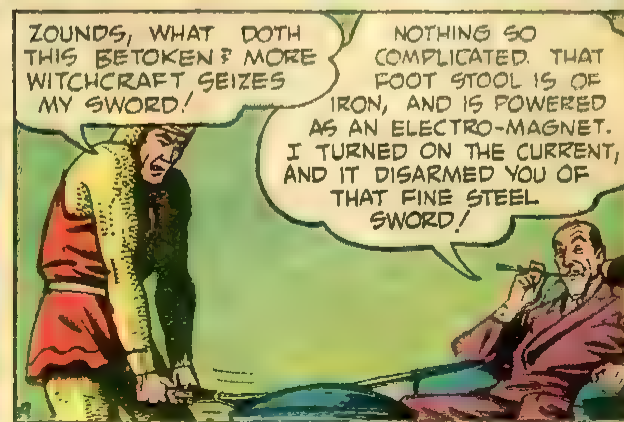
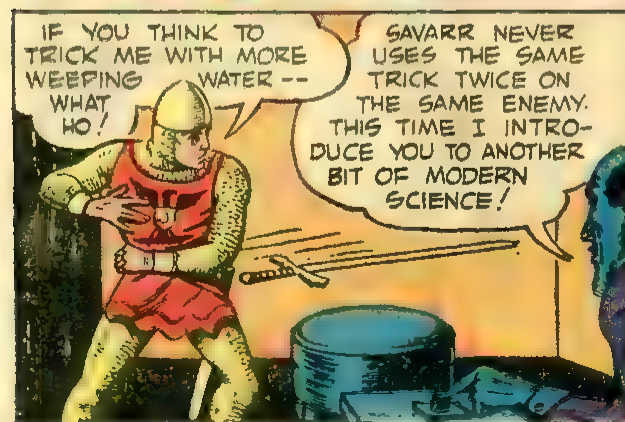
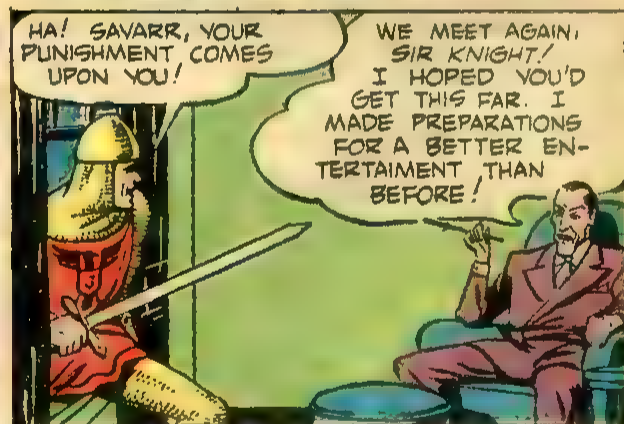
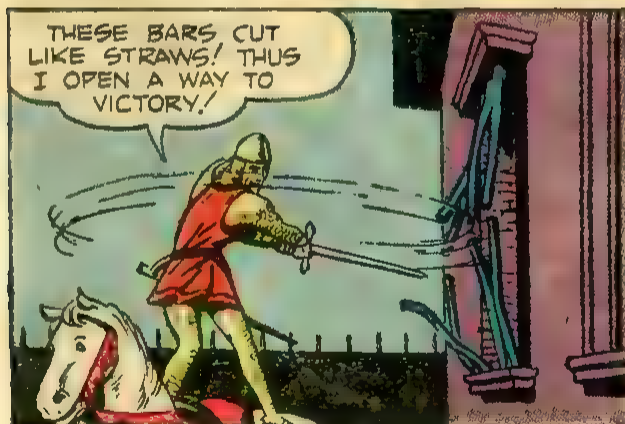
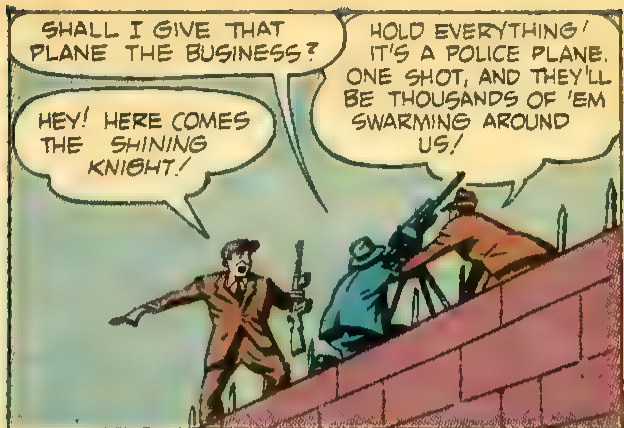
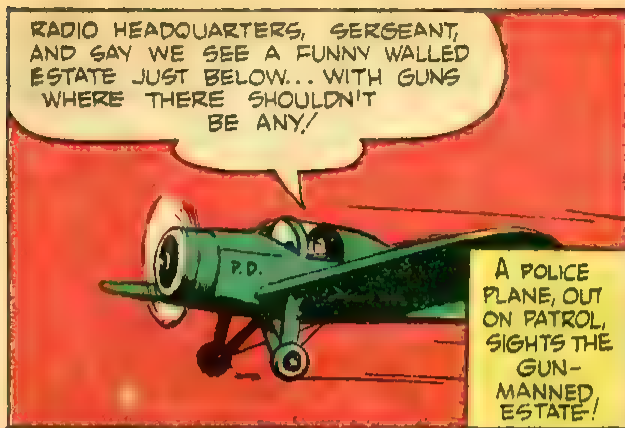


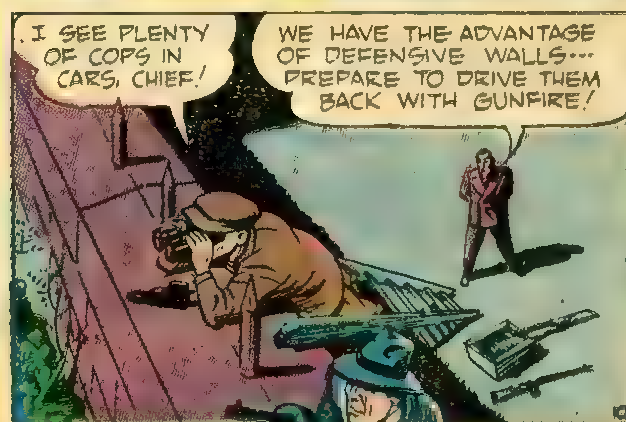
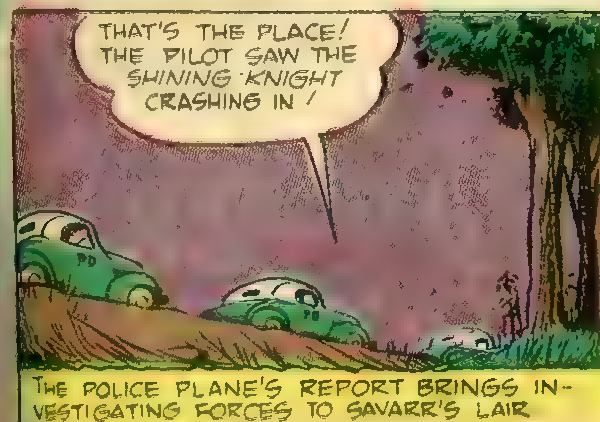
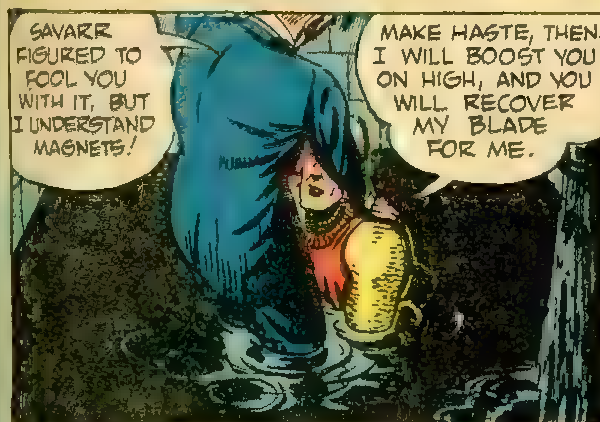
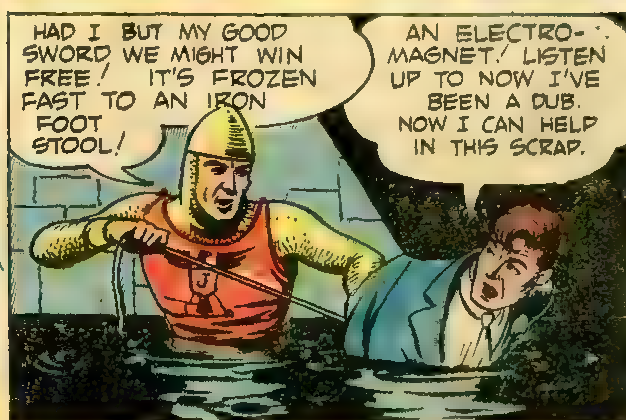
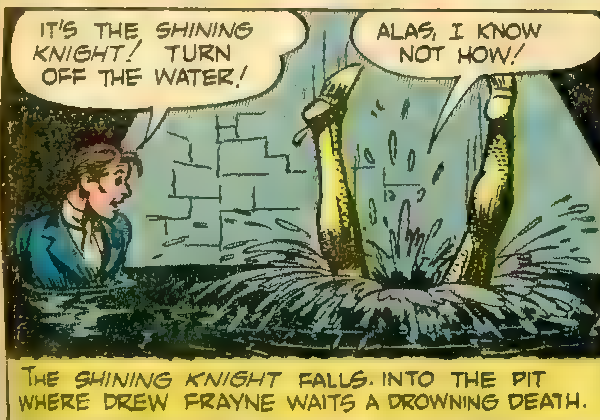
HIS BODY CROSSES THE BEAM OF A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL--THE DOOR OPENS AUTOMATICALLY.





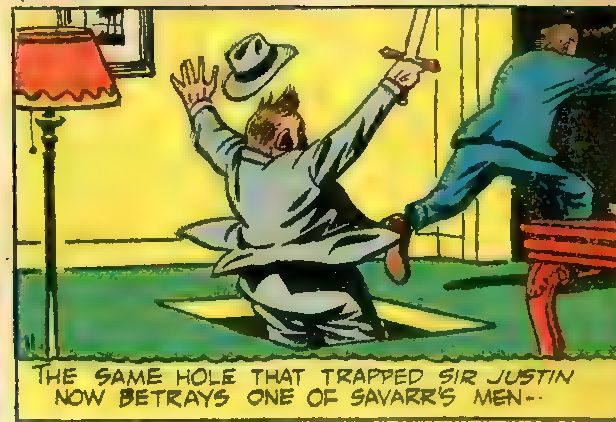
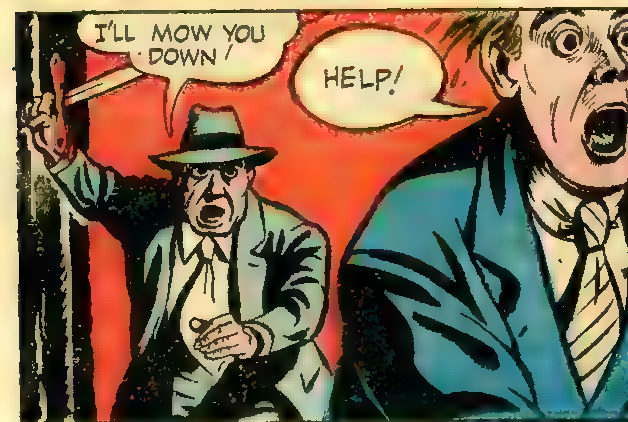
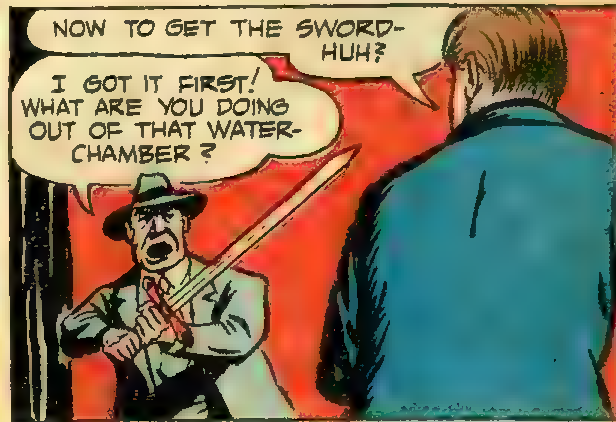
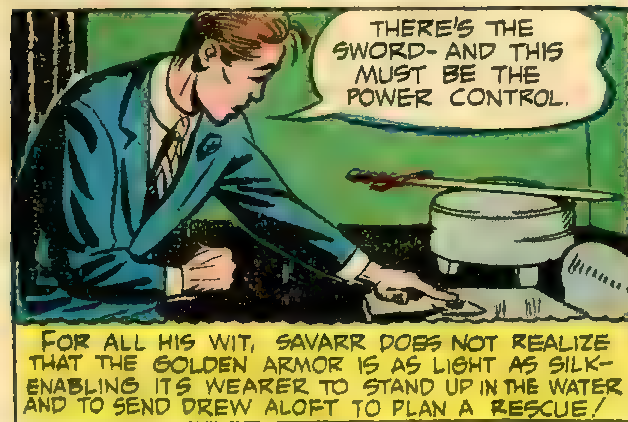
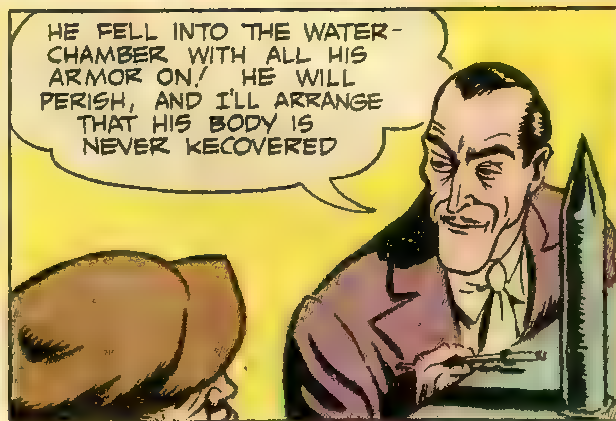
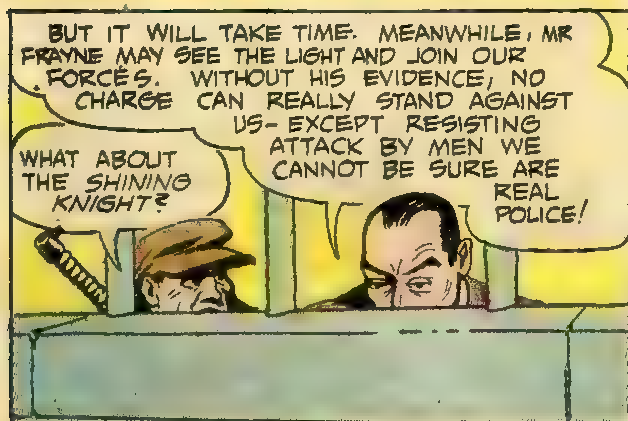


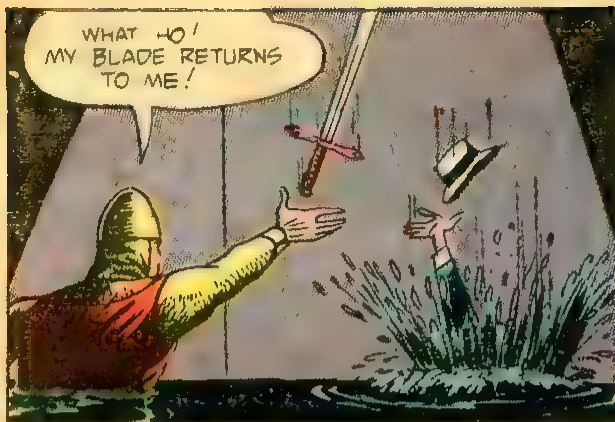




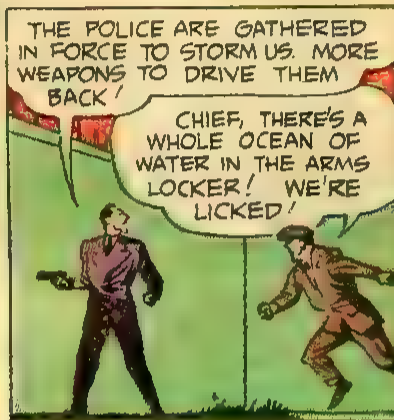
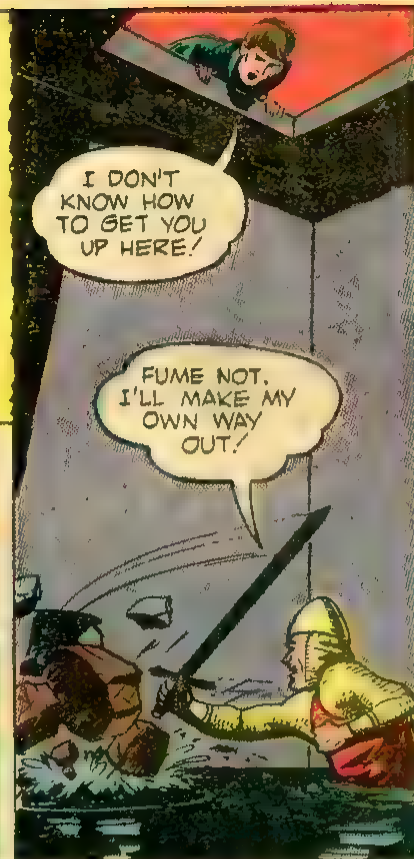


THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO ENTER IS UNSUCCESSFUL--





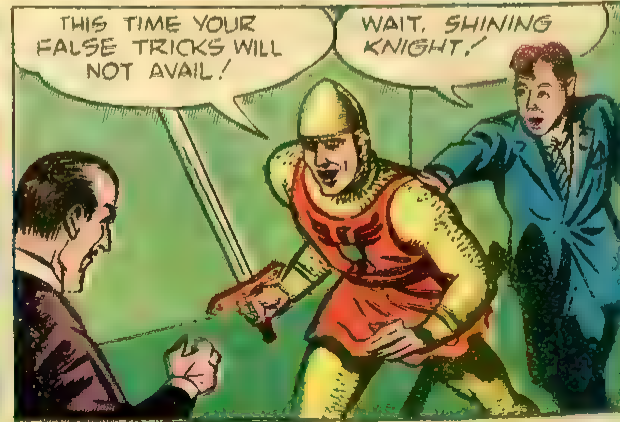
THE
SWORD OF
SHARPNESS
SLASHES
THROUGH
MASSIVE
WALLS
LIKE
PAPER!



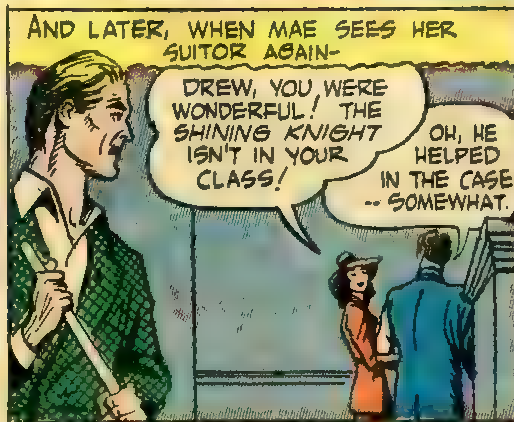
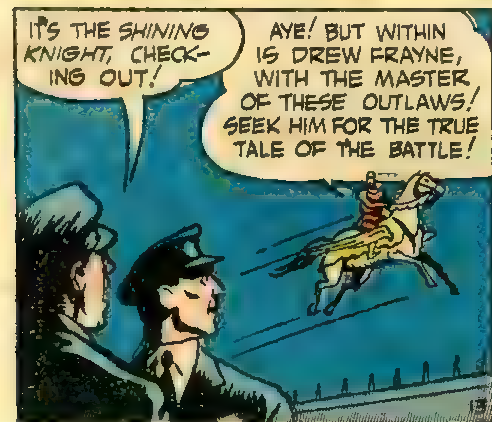
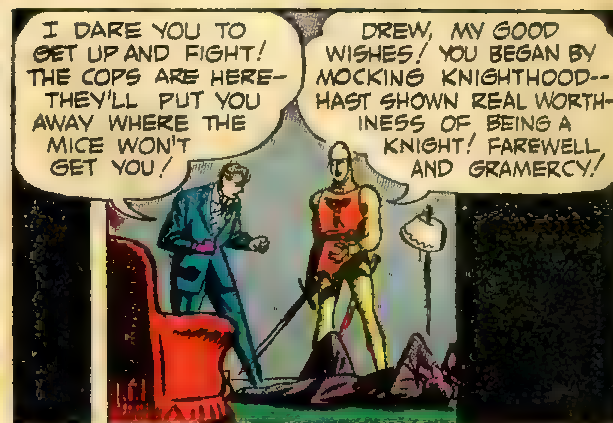
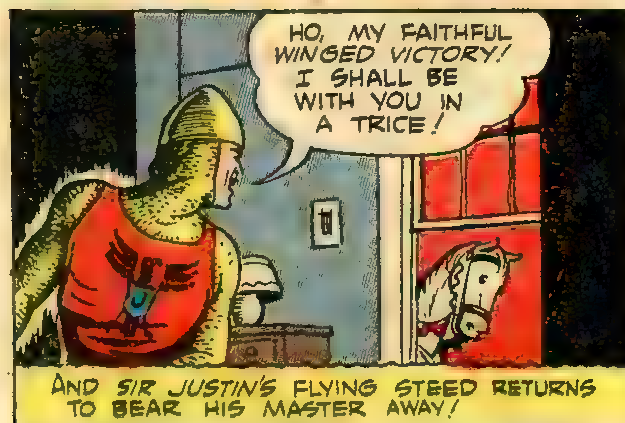
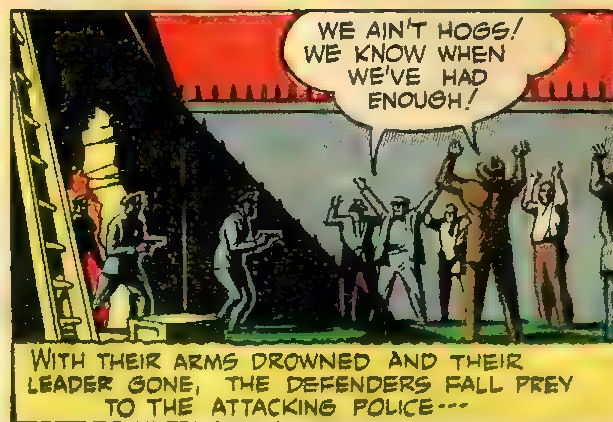
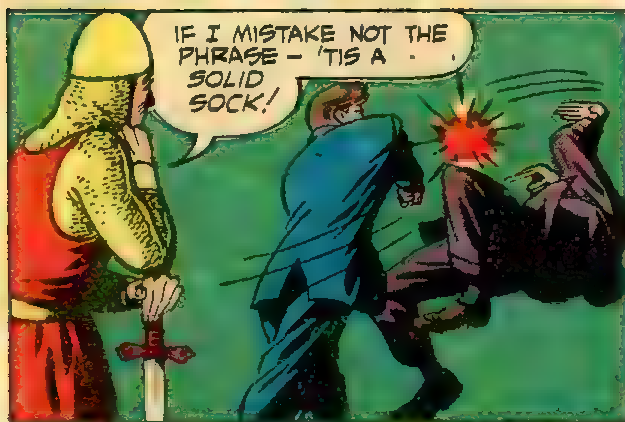
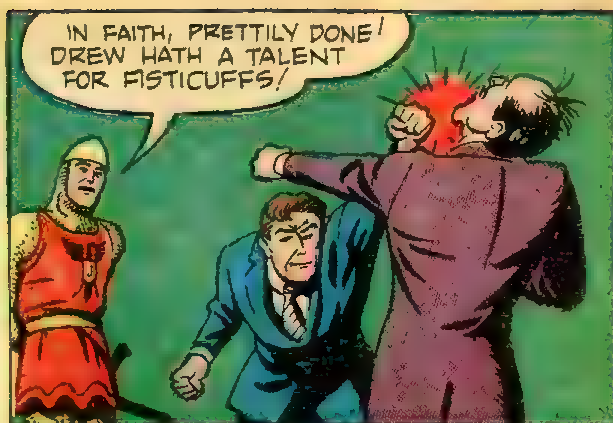
CHIEF, THERE'S A
WHOLE OCEAN OF
WATER IN THE ARMS
LOCKER! WE'RE
LICKED!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, BETRAYAL?
SINCE WHEN DID I
GIVE YOU ANY-
THING!



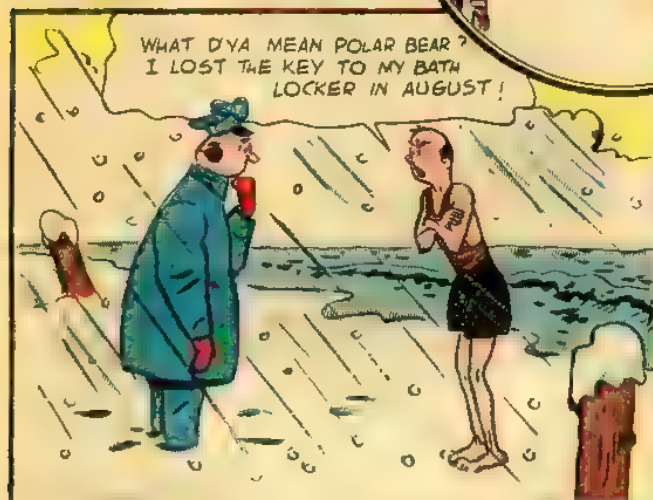
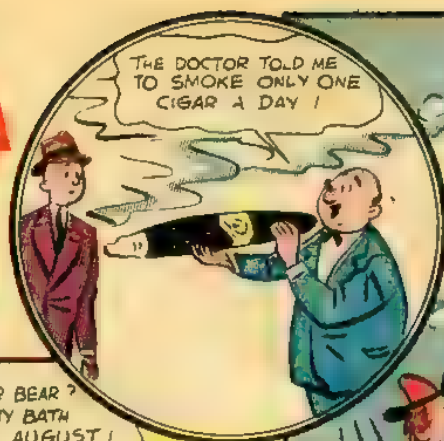
WAIT, SHINING
KNIGHT!



— ANOTHER PROBLEM, ANOTHER BATTLE, ANOTHER VICTORY! BUT THE SHINING KNIGHT'S PATH OF GLORY NOW LEADS HIM TOWARD A DEADLY DANGER THAT HAS OVERWHELMED MANY A BRAVE MAN AND MAY OVERWHELM HIM AS WELL! FACE IT WITH HIM, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Adventure Comics*

Laffy

HARRY
BOU-OFF



WOW AND DOUBLE WOW!

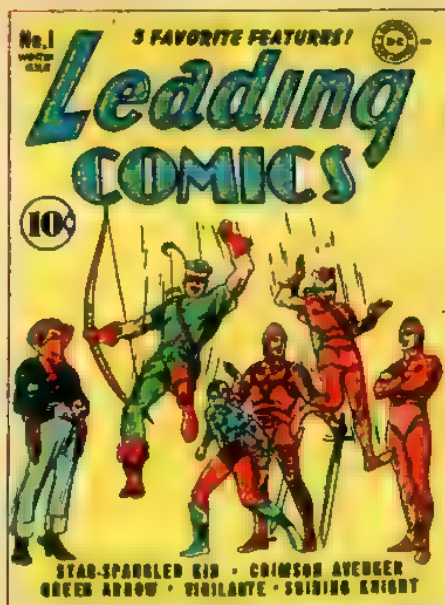
YESSIR, A BRAND-NEW MAGAZINE JOINS
THE **SUPERMAN D.C.** COMIC GROUP!

LOOK AT THIS LINE-UP!

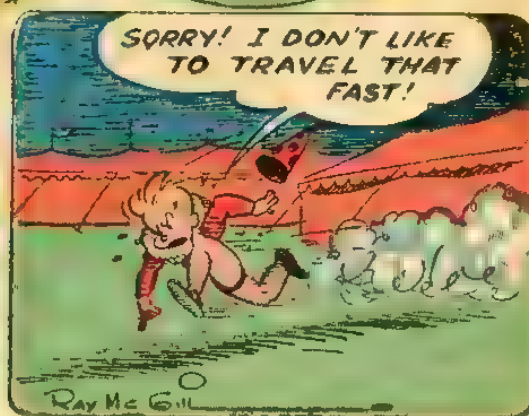
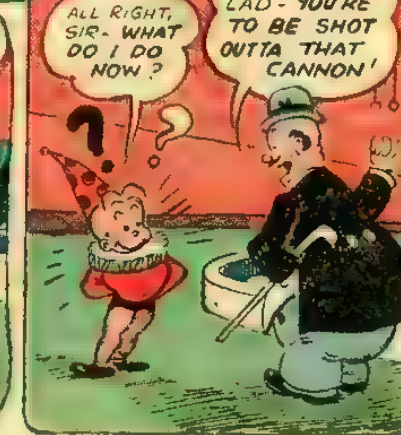
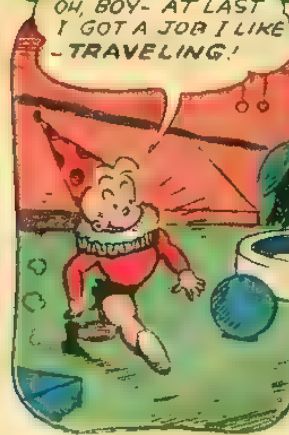
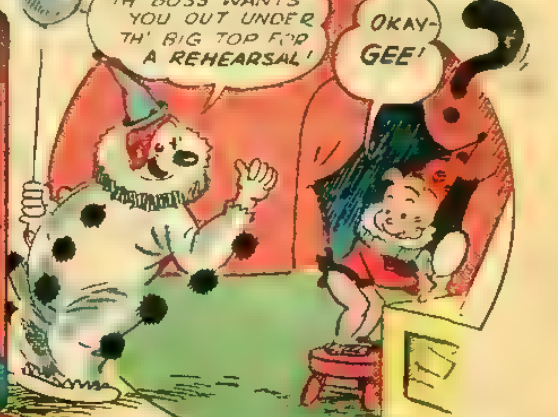
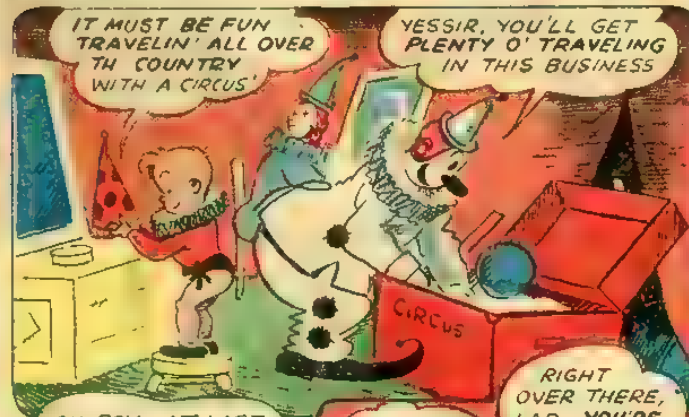
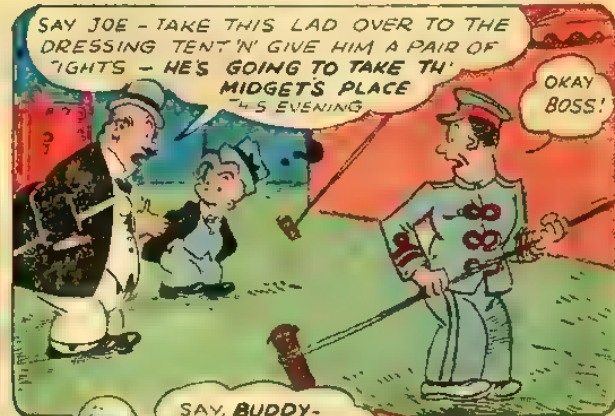
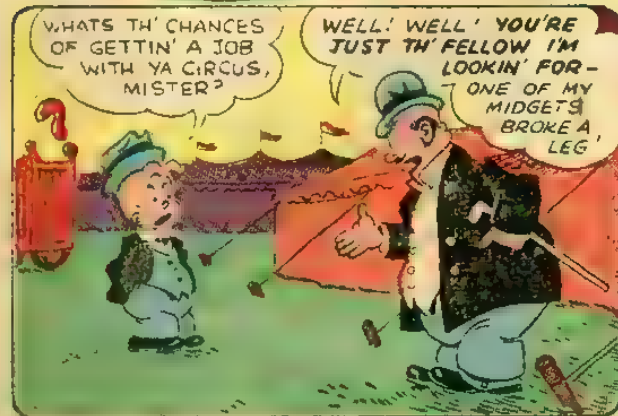
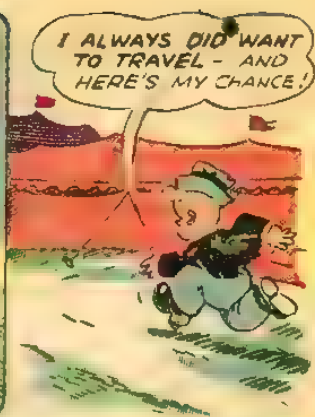
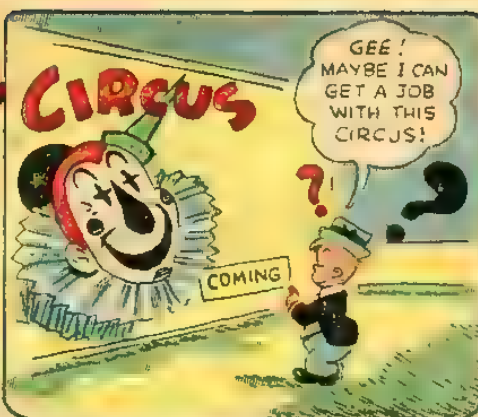
THE **VIGILANTE**
GREEN ARROW AND **SPEEDY**
THE **CRIMSON AVENGER**
THE **STAR SPANGLED KID**
AND **STRIPEY**

THE **SHINING KNIGHT**
A COMPLETE
BOOK-LENGTH
ADVENTURE STORY
PACKED WITH ACTION
AND SUSPENSE!

NOW ON SALE



ROLLIN' STONE



STEVE CONRAD

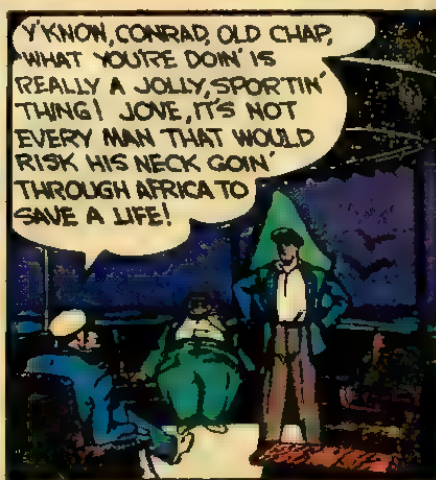
ADVENTURER
BY JACK TIENTI



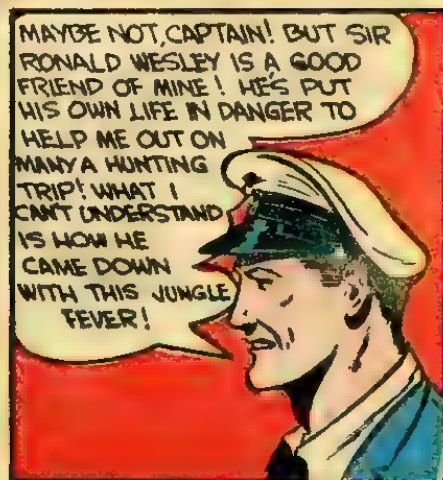
STEAMING ACROSS THE OCEAN ON A SPEEDY YACHT, STEVE AND CHANG ARE ON A MISSION OF MERCY-A GREAT MAN'S LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE! WHETHER HE LIVES OR DIES DEPENDS SOLELY ON STEVE'S ABILITY TO REACH HIM IN TIME!

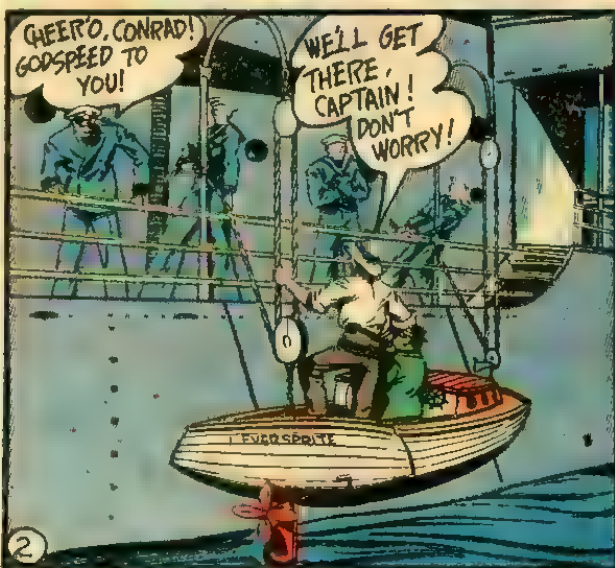
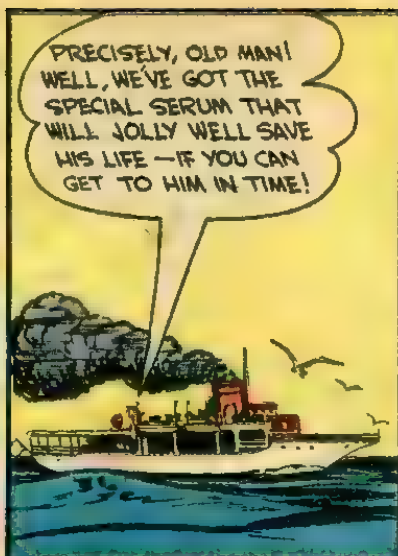


'Y'KNOW, CONRAD, OLD CHAP, 'WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' IS REALLY A JOLLY, SPORTIN' THING! JOVE, IT'S NOT EVERY MAN THAT WOULD RISK HIS NECK GOIN' THROUGH AFRICA TO SAVE A LIFE!



MAYBE NOT, CAPTAIN! BUT SIR RONALD WESLEY IS A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE! HE'S PUT HIS OWN LIFE IN DANGER TO HELP ME OUT ON MANY A HUNTING TRIP! WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW HE CAME DOWN WITH THIS JUNGLE FEVER!

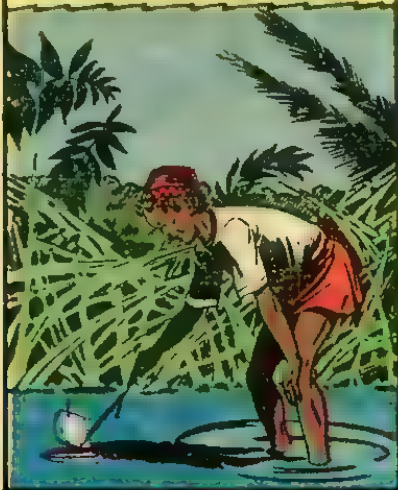




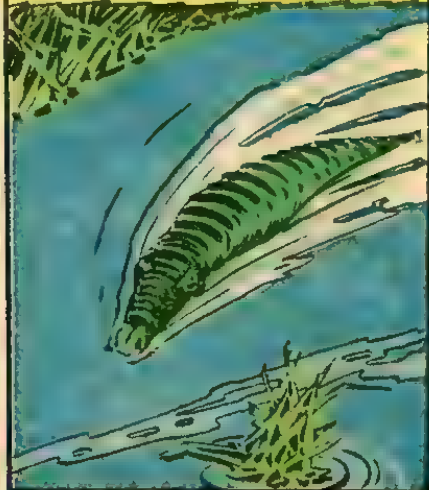
INTO THE WINDING RIVER THEY GO—BUT ALREADY TROUBLE LIES AHEAD!



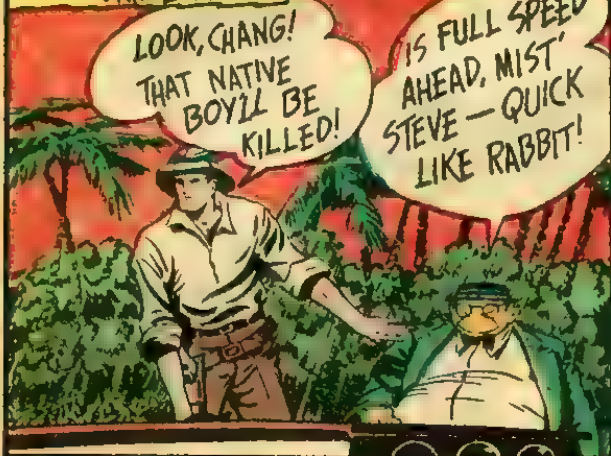
A LITTLE ARAB BOY PLAYS IN THE SHOAL OF THE RIVER—



—WHILE A HUNGRY CROCODILE SLIPS UP ON HIM, UNNOTICED!



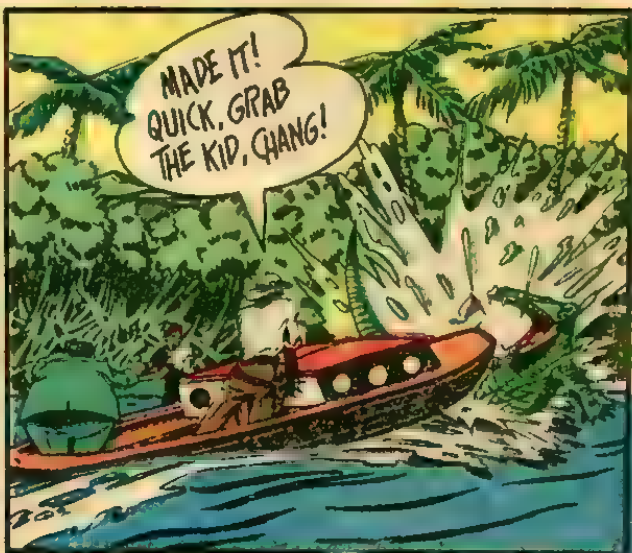
AS THEY COME INTO VIEW, STEVE SEES THE DANGER!



LOOK, CHANG!
THAT NATIVE
BOY'LL BE
KILLED!

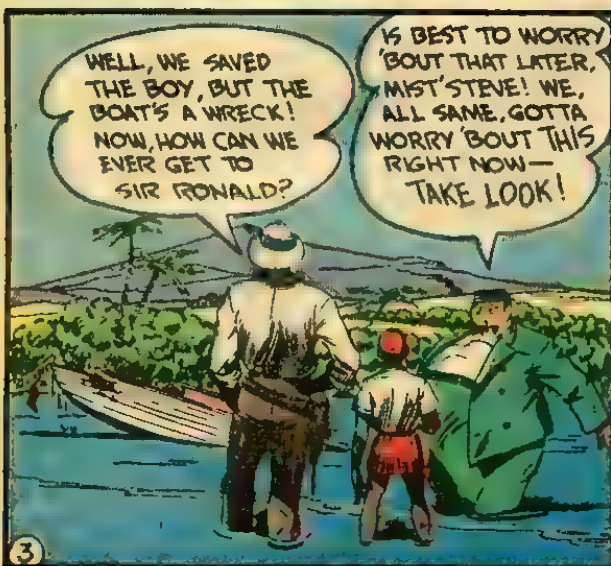
IS FULL SPEED
AHEAD, MIST'
STEVE—QUICK
LIKE RABBIT!

MADE IT!
QUICK, GRAB
THE KID, CHANG!



WELL, WE SAVED
THE BOY, BUT THE
BOAT'S A WRECK!
NOW, HOW CAN WE
EVER GET TO
SIR RONALD?

IS BEST TO WORRY
'BOUT THAT LATER,
MIST' STEVE! WE,
ALL SAME, GOTTA
WORRY 'BOUT THIS
RIGHT NOW—
TAKE LOOK!



HWAMI! THESE FELLOWS
LOOK LIKE TOUGH
CUSTOMERS! I HOPE WE
DONT HAVE ANY TROUBLE,
BUT IF WE DO—IM PREPARED
FOR IT!



THE ARAB BOY QUICKLY EXPLAINS
TO HIS CHIEFTAIN HOW STEVE
SAVED HIS LIFE, AND —



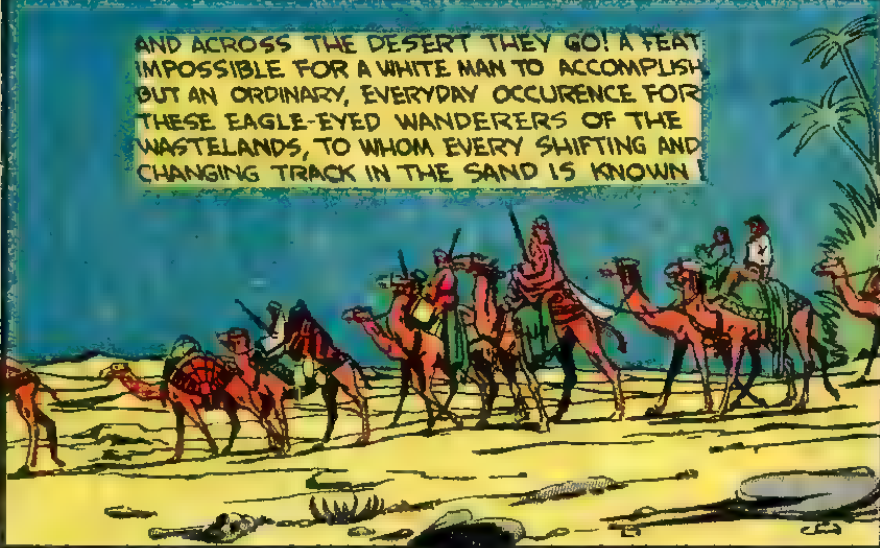
— STEVE SOON FINDS THAT,
INSTEAD OF ENEMIES, HE
HAS A MULTITUDE OF FRIENDS!



THE PROBLEM OF HOW TO REACH
THE INTERIOR IS SOON SOLVED—
THE TRIBESMEN THEMSELVES WILL
TAKE STEVE ACROSS THE DESERT
IN AN ENORMOUS SHORT CUT!



AND ACROSS THE DESERT THEY GO! A FEAT
IMPOSSIBLE FOR A WHITE MAN TO ACCOMPLISH,
BUT AN ORDINARY, EVERYDAY OCCURENCE FOR
THESE EAGLE-EYED WANDERERS OF THE
WASTELANDS, TO WHOM EVERY SHIFTING AND
CHANGING TRACK IN THE SAND IS KNOWN!



A FEW
DAYS LATER—

WELL, THERE
THEY GO,
CHANG! AND
THEY CERTAINLY
SAVED US A LOT OF TIME
BY TAKING US ACROSS
THE DESERT!

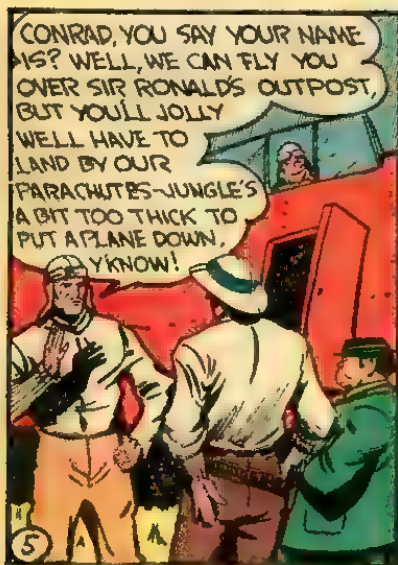
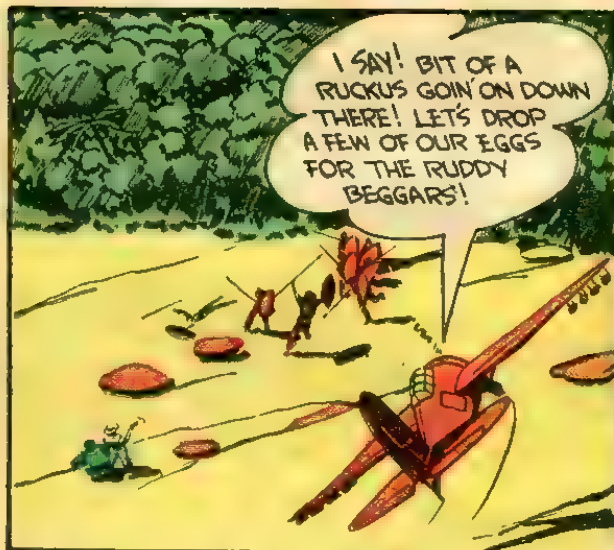


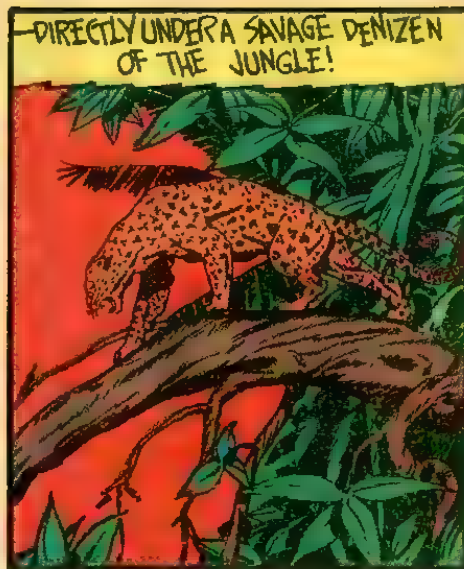
BUT, AS THEY
RESUME THEIR
JOURNEY INTO
THE JUNGLE,
HIDDEN EYES
GLARE AT THEM!

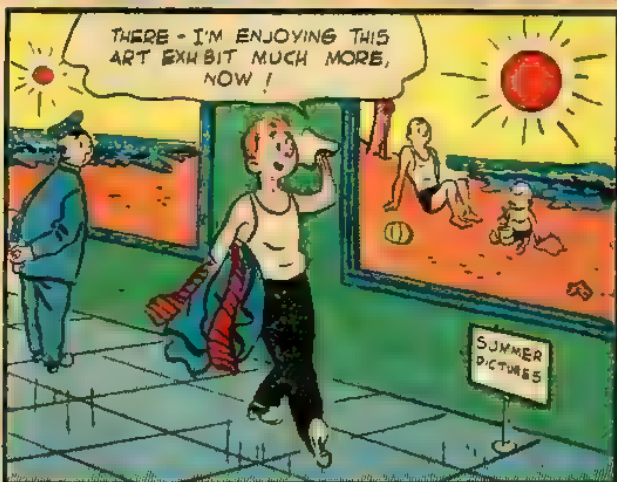
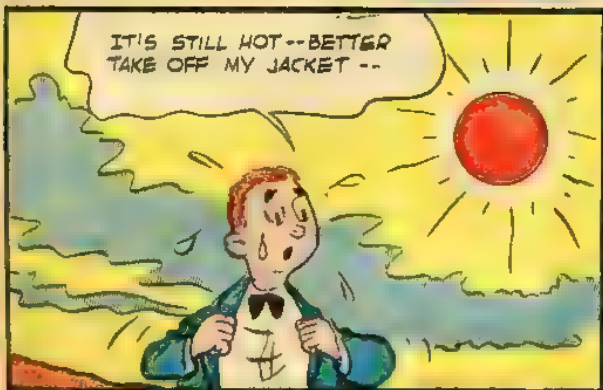
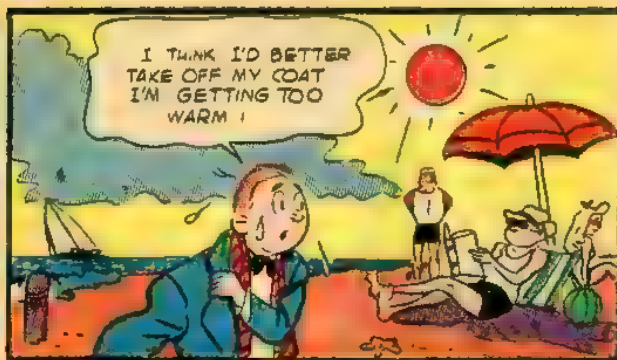
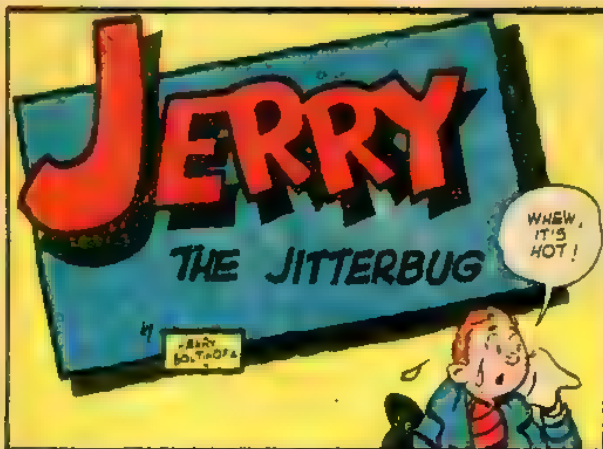


GWALA! THEM
FRIEND OF DESERT
PEOPLE— SO THEM
OUR ENEMY!
WE KILL!









THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA INVITES YOU TO THEIR NEXT MEETING!

NO. 9 FEB. MAR. 10¢

ALL STAR Comics

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
AN AMERICAN COMICS BOOK PUBLICATION

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
AN AMERICAN COMICS BOOK PUBLICATION
10¢

THE DEFENDERS OF LAW AND JUSTICE IN THEIR DIFFERENT LOCALITIES ARE ONCE MORE CALLED UPON TO FIGHT BENEATH THE STARS AND STRIPES...THEY RALLY TOGETHER FOR ANOTHER PATRIOTIC MEETING!

HEMISPHERE DEFENSE IS THE KEYNOTE OF THIS SPECIAL MEETING OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA! CALLED TOGETHER AGAIN BY THE FBI CHIEF, THEY RESPOND WITH A WILL.

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

A large advertisement for the Justice Society of America. It features a central comic book cover for "ALL STAR Comics" No. 9, dated February-March, priced at 10¢. The cover shows various heroes and the title "THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA". Surrounding the cover are portraits of several characters, including Superman, Batman, and others. Two large text boxes on the sides contain promotional messages. The bottom of the ad says "NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!".

HOUR MAN

by
BERNARD BAILY



THE STARS LOOK DOWN ON MURDER WHEN THE DIABOLICAL DR DESTINY CASTS A WEIRD HOROSCOPE OF DOOM! BUT THEN UPON THE SCENE FLASHES HOUR MAN TO RACE THE MURDER MASTER AROUND THE CLOCK AS SIXTY MINUTES SPELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...

AT THE MAIN STUDIO OF STATION W/HOW

AND SO WE COME TO THE END OF ANOTHER BROADCAST! THIS IS DR DESTINY--THE MAN WHO READS YOUR FATE BY THE STARS!

THIS BROADCAST GETS WORSE AND WORSE! WHAT NONSENSE!



LATER

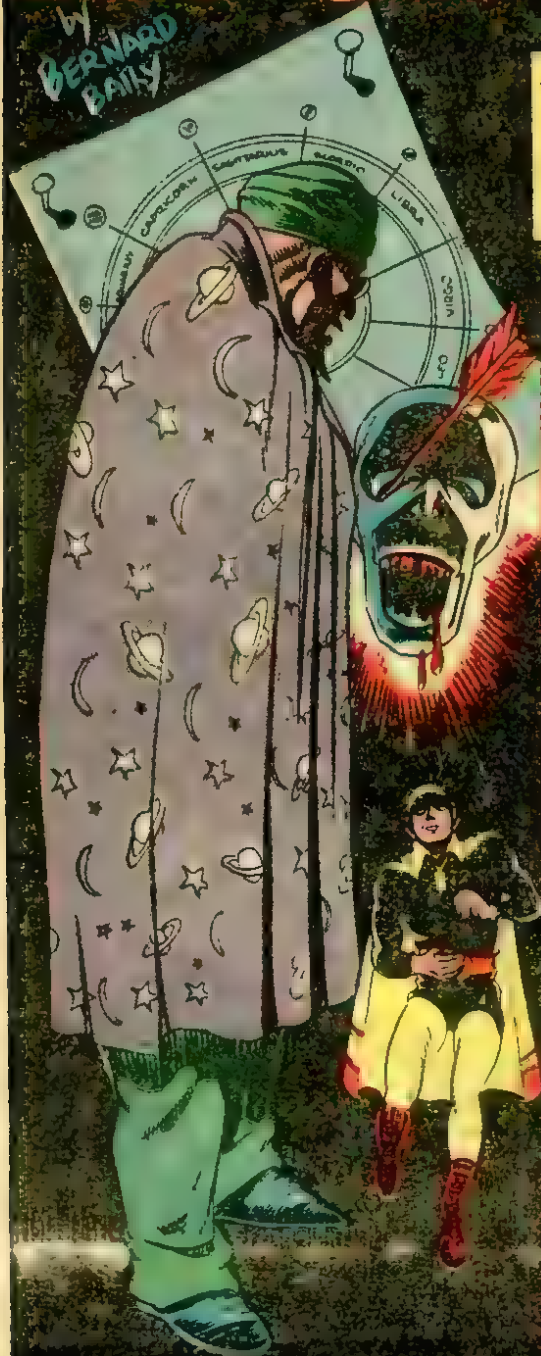
I'M SORRY, DR DESTINY! BUT MY BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE VOTED TO DISCONTINUE YOUR PROGRAM! YOU'RE FIRED!

ALL RIGHT, FIRE ME! BUT BY THE SACRED SIGN OF THE ZODIAC, YOU AND YOUR DIRECTORS WILL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!



AND THEN DR DESTINY SAID WE'D PAY DEARLY FOR FIRING HIM!

RIDICULOUS, MR STONE! THE MAN'S JUST RAVING!



THAT NIGHT, AS HENRY MARSHALL, ONE OF THE DIRECTORS, GETS OUT OF HIS CAR...



DR. DESTINY--
OOH--H-H...

YOU WERE
BORN UNDER
THE SIGN OF
SAGITTARIUS THE
ARCHER--SO
YOU DIE BY THE
ARROW!

THE NEXT DAY
AT THE HOME OF
ONE OF THE
OTHER DIRECTORS...

HMM! WONDER
WHAT THIS PACK-
AGE CONTAINS?

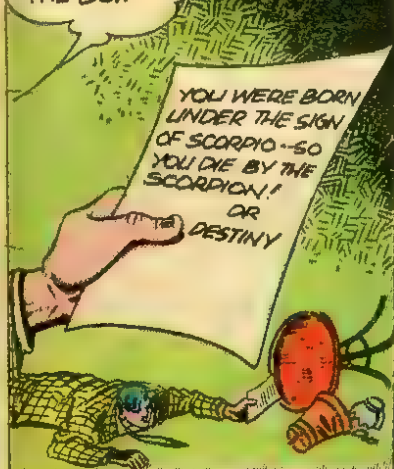


AS THE BOX IS OPENED, OUT CRAWLS...

A
POISON SCORPION!
AND IT
BIT ME!



THIS NOTE---
INSIDE---
THE BOX---



YOU WERE BORN
UNDER THE SIGN
OF SCORPIO--SO
YOU DIE BY THE
SCORPION! OR
DESTINY

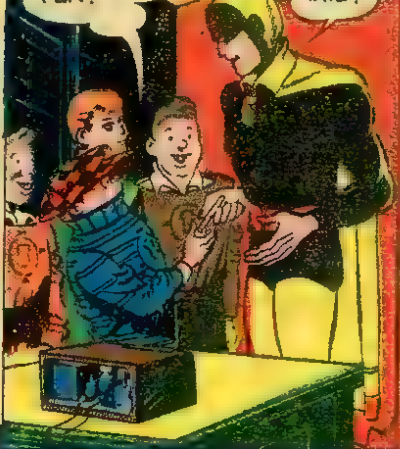
AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE
CITY, THE HOUR MAN, IN REALITY
REX TYLER, CELEBRATES HIS BIRTH-
DAY...



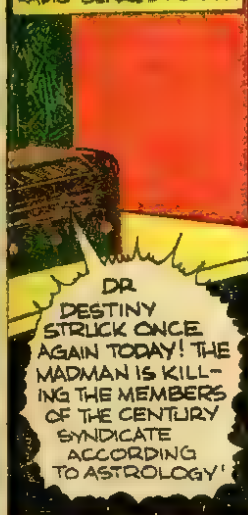
HAPPY BIRTH-DAY TO--YOU--
HAPPY BIRTH-DAY
TO--YOU--

HERE'S YOUR
BIRTHDAY PRESENT,
MR. HOUR MAN--
A FOUNTAIN
PEN!

SAY, YOU
FELLOWS
SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE
THIS!



SUDDENLY, THE
RADIO BLARES FORTH...



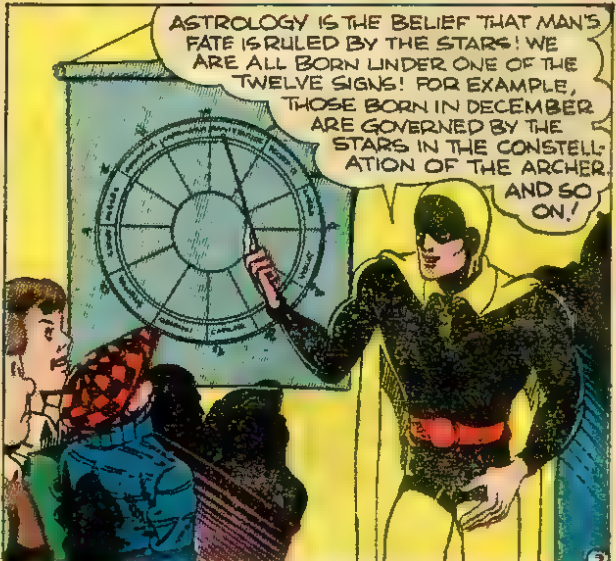
DR
DESTINY
STRUCK ONCE
AGAIN TODAY! THE
MADMAN IS KILL-
ING THE MEMBERS
OF THE CENTURY
SYNDICATE
ACCORDING
TO ASTROLOGY!

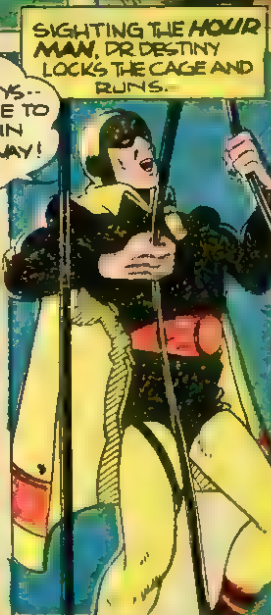
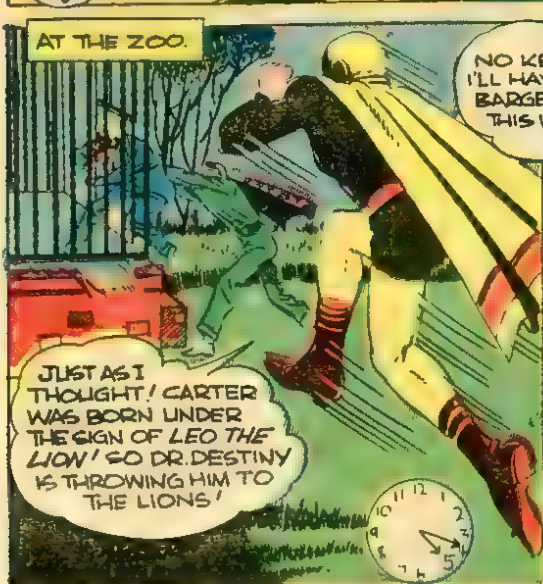
WHAT'S
ASTROLOGY?

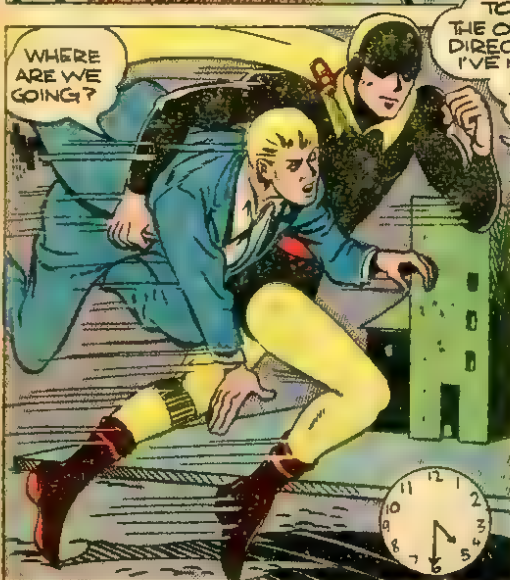
COME
HERE AND
I'LL SHOW
YOU!

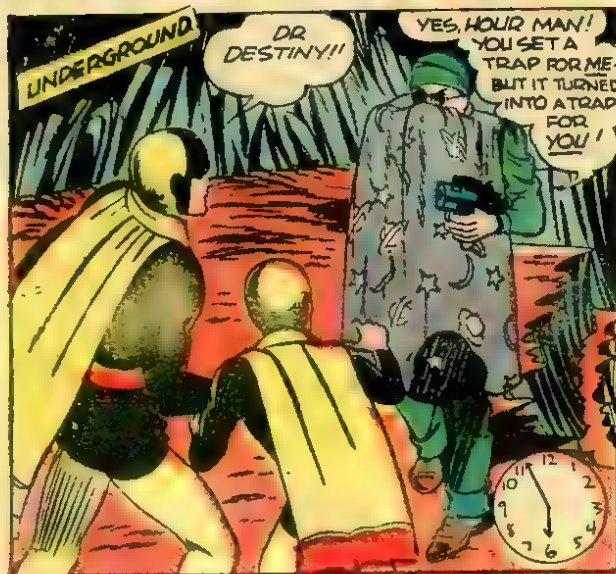


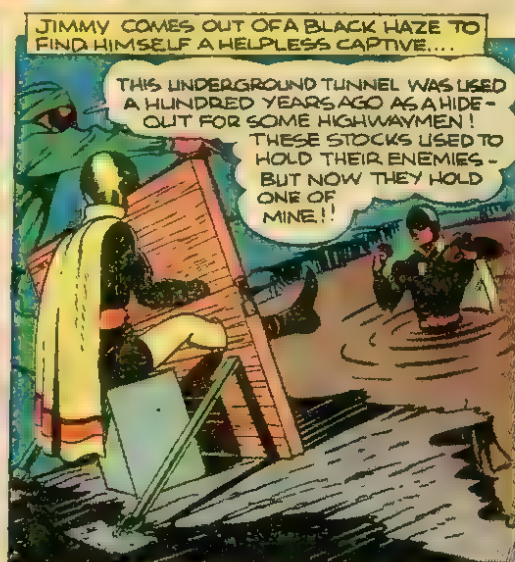
ASTROLOGY IS THE BELIEF THAT MAN'S
FATE IS RULED BY THE STARS! WE
ARE ALL BORN UNDER ONE OF THE
TWELVE SIGNS! FOR EXAMPLE,
THOSE BORN IN DECEMBER
ARE GOVERNED BY THE
STARS IN THE CONSTELL-
ATION OF THE ARCHER.
AND SO
ON!



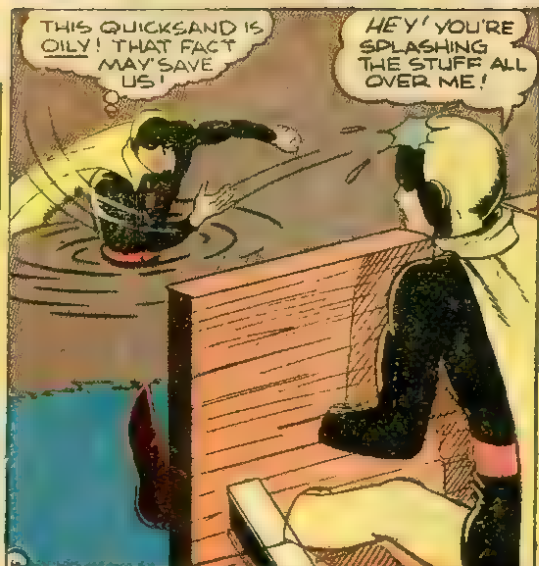


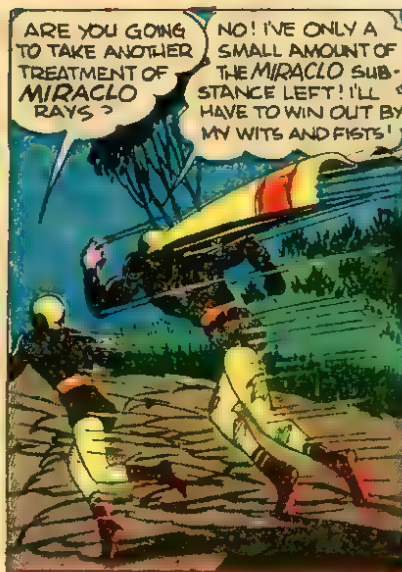
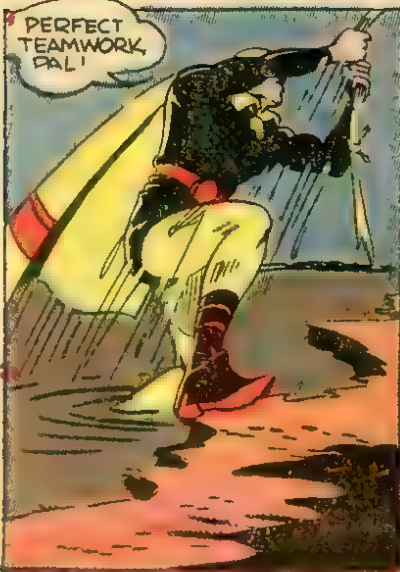
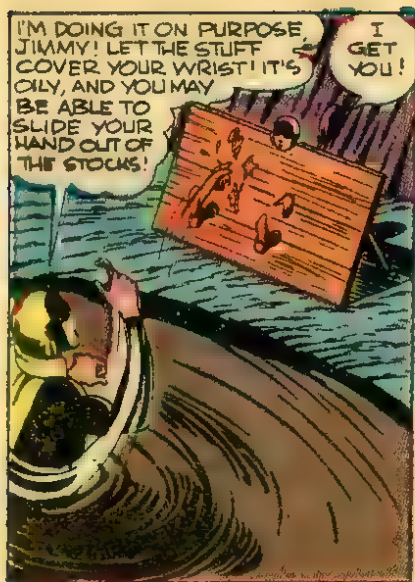






THE TWO COMPANIONS ARE LEFT ALONE...





LATER-- AT THE OFFICES OF THE CENTURY SYNDICATE CO.

HOUR MAN PHONED ME AND ASKED ME TO GET YOU ALL TOGETHER!

WHAT CAN HOUR MAN DO AGAINST DR. DESTINY? NOBODY CAN SAVE US!

SUDDENLY...

HE'S RIGHT! NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU! WHEN THIS BOMB EXPLODES, I WILL HAVE REAPED COMPLETE VENGEANCE!

YES, STONE, YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY! I KNEW THAT ONE OF THE MEN IN THIS ROOM WAS THE REAL VILLAIN! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE PUT THE POISON IN THE WATER?

WHEN DR. DESTINY MADE HIS THREAT, STONE SAW IT AS A MEANS OF KILLING YOU OFF AND BLAMING THE ASTROLOGER FOR THE MURDERS. IN THAT WAY HE'D WIN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THIS COMPANY!

OMINOUS SILENCE PERVADES THE ROOM AS THE FATAL PUSS SPLUTTERS AWAY LIFE FOR ALL...

SO YOU ESCAPED! KILL THEM, DR. DESTINY, AND I'LL SPLIT THE PROFITS WITH YOU!

TRAPPED! IT'S HOUR MAN!

BUT WHERE IS THE REAL DR. DESTINY?

PROBABLY A PRISONER IN STONE'S HOME! STONE INTENDED TO FRAME HIM FOR THE MURDERS! I CAME IN WITH THIS BOMB, KNOWING THE REAL KILLER WOULD GIVE HIMSELF AWAY!

THE KILLER SUDDENLY DRAWS A GUN...

DON'T WORRY, CHUMP! THIS ISN'T LOADED!

MUCH LATER

HERE, JIMMY--A REAL BIG PIECE OF MY BIRTHDAY CAKE!

I WONDER WHY JIMMY GOT THE BIGGEST SLICE!!

BERNARD DAILY.

FALL GUY

by Norman Goss

A MONTH after his final visit to the parole office, Connors decided the time was ripe to pull the robbery. The law had certified him as a reformed criminal. He had a steady job, and he had done nothing to violate his parole.

Connors chuckled. This was a sweet set-up. The John Laws should know that for almost two months he had been planning to pull this jewel robbery. Everything was ready.

* * *

The jewels belonged to Iris Dayre, the actress. She lived in a brownstone house and Connors knew the movements of everyone in the place.

For example: the caretaker, an old fellow named Hendricks, was off on Thursday nights, the same night as the maid; the chauffeur lived at home, going there after he brought Iris to her own house.

So Thursday was the night to pull the job. This was Thursday and Connors, doing his nightly job of car washing in a nearby garage, felt alive with excitement. It had been a lucky break the first time he had seen Iris Dayre in her room, watched her put her jewels in a box alongside the bed.

* * *

Connors had been on the third floor of the garage. It was a block away from Iris' house, but at night when her light was on, you could see her plainly over the top of the two story house facing the brownstone. It was when Connors bought the binoculars that he discovered the jewels. Then and there he made up his mind to possess them.

It had been easy following Hendricks' movements. The old man liked beer and usually

visited the bar on the corner, talking with his friend Blake, the cop on the beat. As his plan began to hatch, he spent his supper hour in the bar, watching Hendricks, studying his face and his voice.

For Connors had once been an impersonator in vaudeville. That was a long time ago. Connors could hardly remember his first robbery job now.

Still washing the car, Connors smiled to himself. Just last night he had helped Hendricks. Ironical? Not to Connors. It had been a lucky break.

* * *

It had been near closing time in the bar. Hendricks walked out, followed by Connors. In the street, the city sanitation trucks were collecting garbage. A bit of it had fallen from a barrel, unnoticed, and Hendricks slipped on it. His face struck against the curb.

Quickly, Connors rushed forward, helped the old man to his feet, inquiring whether he had been hurt. Dazedly holding a hand to his face, Hendricks had said no. Just then Blake ran up. He helped his crony back into the bar, and thanked Connors for his aid.

"I'm glad you were around, buddy," he said. "My pal, here, might have really hurt himself." Then, smiling, he recognized Connors. "Oh, you work in the garage, don't you?"

Connors had said yes and gone on. He was satisfied about the whole thing. It never hurt to have the cop on a guy's side.

* * *

A voice cut in on his reflections. It was Eddie, the night manager. "Think I'll take my snooze, Connors," he said. "Keep an eye peeled."

Connors smiled happily. This was going to be a lucky night. Already things were working on schedule. He looked at his watch. Two-thirty. Eddie always took his nap at this time. He slept until about four.

Ten minutes later, Connors went up to the third floor.

* * *

The make-up kit was taken from its hiding place beneath a pile of old inner tubes. Connors ripped off a piece of rubber and shaded the glaring lamp dangling from a long cord. He placed the make-up box on an old wooden box. Alongside it he placed the picture of Hendricks he had clipped from a magazine. It showed Hendricks gardening Iris' summer place.

* * *

Dexterously, Connors' fingers worked at his face. A bit of putty, some tape to create hollow cheeks . . . white powder . . . eyebrow darkener, making them black and heavy, just like the old man's—and then the wig, just gray and ordinary. Connors had bought this yesterday.

He smiled at his reflection in the mirror, even white teeth flashing back at him. Connors was well satisfied with the job. He looked at his watch. Iris should be home by now.

Connors shed his working clothes, revealing the blue serge suit he had purchased. Hendricks always wore blue serge.

* * *

Then he walked to the window and trained his binoculars on the brownstone house. His blood pounded as he saw that Iris was home. As he watched, she dropped the Venetian blinds, shutting out the sight. Ten minutes later, the lights went out.

It was three-thirty when Connors stole from the garage, by the back entrance, and slipped over a fence. In a moment, he emerged from a side entrance and stood before Iris' house. There was no one in sight as he crossed the street and tried his skeleton keys in Iris' basement door. Another moment and he was inside, his flashlight playing on the stairs leading to the floors above.

The thin line of the pencil flash stopped at Iris' bedroom door. Connors listened intently. Downstairs, an old clock chimed the quarter hour. In fifteen minutes Blake would be passing the house. This job had to be done in ten.

Noiselessly, Connors tiptoed into the darkened room, almost every detail of it etched in his mind. His fingers closed on the jewel box beside the bed. This was too easy—

Suddenly, he stiffened as the form on the bed stirred. His muscles tensed. Then, without warning, the bed lamp came on.

"Hendr—" The girl's green eyes were wide and frightened. Her body twitched beneath Connors' gloved hands, then was still. She had fainted.

Connors stepped swiftly out of the room. In a way this had been a swell break. The girl

had thought him Hendricks, and tomorrow the police would arrest him. He smiled softly to himself, wondering how Hendricks would like being a fall guy.

With grim humor, Connors dropped the empty jewel case downstairs, after stuffing the contents in his pockets. Let Hendricks explain that box.

His heart pounding, Connors drew a cigar from his pocket and placed it in his mouth. Hendricks always smoked them, had had one last night when he fell on the sidewalk.

Fresh, cool air wafted across Connors' face as he opened the street door and stepped out. Everything had been fine, almost according to schedule.

"Hey, Hendricks!" The voice, calling, was low but imperative. For an instant, Connors' heart skipped a beat as Blake approached, flashlight in hand where he had been trying doors.

Connors felt a surge of anger against Iris. If she hadn't awakened, wasted precious minutes, he would have just missed Blake.

He goaded his brain into submission, quieted the pounding of his pulse. There was nothing to fear. He had fooled Iris and now he'd fool this cop, get rid

of him fast.

"Hello," Connors said. "I just came out for a breath of fresh air."

Blake's voice was reproachful as his lighted flash fell on Connors. "I thought you were going up there," he said. "I made the appointment. My mis-sus could have used the car to-night."

"Appointment?" The word flashed into Connors' brain. Something must have been arranged. Well, he could bluff it out. He mimicked Hendricks' voice again. "I couldn't make it," he said. "Miss Dayre asked me to stick around." He smiled at Blake. "Shut out that light," he added. "It hurts my eyes."

Blake moved the light. Connors' eyes popped as he saw the revolver in the policeman's hand, heard the suspicious, doom-filled words come from Blake's lips.

"You look like Hendricks and you talk like Hendricks," Blake was saying, "but Hendricks never had a set of teeth like yours, mister. He broke a front one last night and was supposed to take my car and see my brother who's a dentist out in the suburbs. Get back in that house. We're going to talk to Miss Dayre!"

THE END

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To attract approval applicants of the better type we are making the following amazing offer. From our good neighbors in the Western Hemisphere: 15 sets from 17 countries, Mexico 720 38 complete, Canada Royal Visit complete, Peru to Rio 85 80, Barbados, 100 167, Newfoundland 2 values, Colombia RA3-4, Bolivia Euren 273 etc. 3 values, Brazil, 8 values (July 1909 201, Paraguay commemorative 2 values, Peru for RA41 complete, Cuba 1917, 5 values, Jamaica 2 values.

We will send all these for only 10c to sincere approval applicants. Kindly state whether you wish "On Approval" singles or sets or both.

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PAUL KIRK MANHUNTER



by ED MOORE

PAUL KIRK, THE MANHUNTER, MAKES A VISIT HOME...

— SO THIS MR. VANDLE WILL BE HERE TONIGHT TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

IT'S A "CON" GAME, OF COURSE!

WHAT??
A... ▲
CONFIDENCE
GAME???

SURE, DAD! THIS GUY, VANDLE — A MAN YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF — CALLS YOU UP, TELLS YOU YOU'RE HEIR TO A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE. IF YOU SWALLOW THAT, HE VISITS YOU... AND ASKS FOR MONEY WITH WHICH TO UNTIE THE LEGAL KNOTS.

THAT NIGHT

I-I STILL THINK THIS IS ON THE LEVEL, PAUL—

HAVE YOUR OWN WAY!— BUT WHEN HE ASKS FOR YOUR MONEY, WILL YOU BELIEVE ME THEN??— LISTEN! THERE'S A KNOCK!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

I'M VANDLE, MR. KIRK... W. WENTWORTH VANDLE!

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. VANDLE? ... I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET MY SON, PAUL...

HOW'RE YOU??

WELL, NOW, WE'LL JUST GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS! AH! MR. KIRK, YOU'RE A VERY, VERY LUCKY MAN; A LUCKY MAN INDEED!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS! NOW... YOU SAY I'M HEIR TO ABOUT EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. LEFT ME BY A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND?

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN! BUT—OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND I'M NOT CARRYING THAT MUCH MONEY AROUND IN MY POCKETS! NO INDEED!!

...AND BECAUSE OF THE WAR—YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE! YOU'RE A MAN OF THE WORLD!—THE PRO-CEEDURE FOR GETTING THE MONEY HAS BECOME DOUBLY INVOLVED!

I COULD SEE THIS COMING A MILE AWAY!

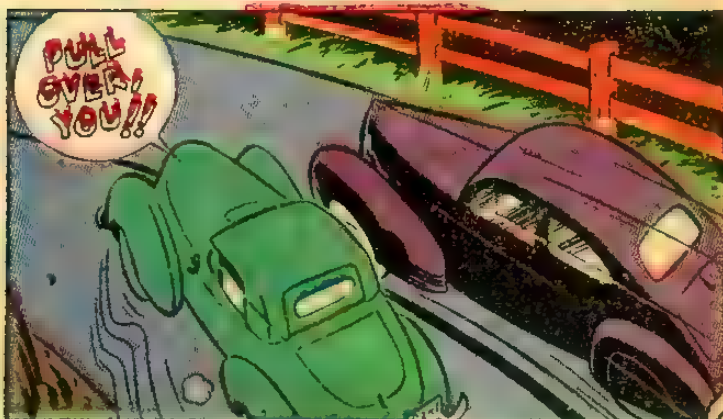
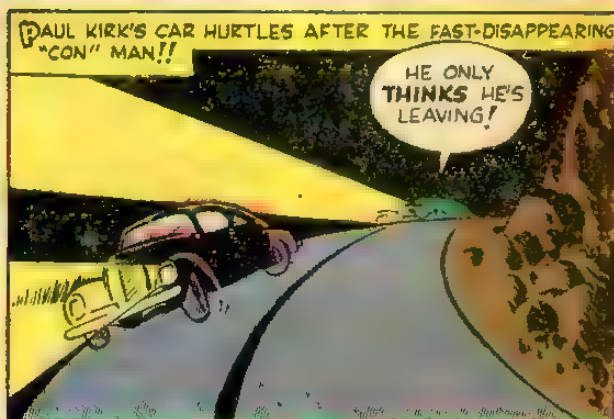
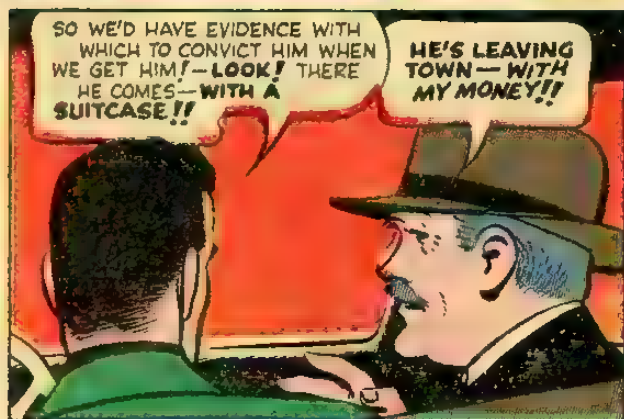
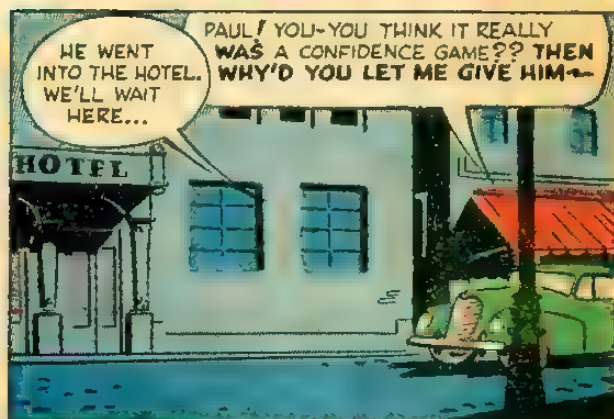
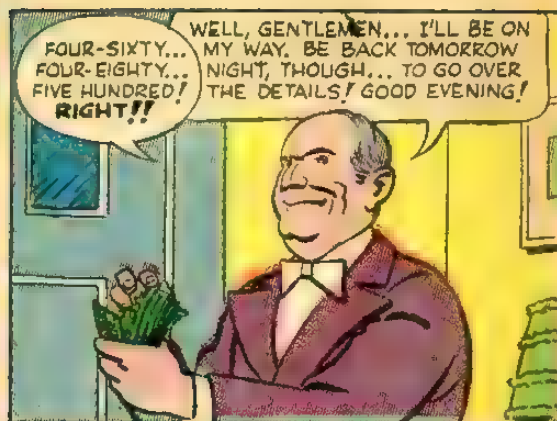
ER... AH! AS I WAS SAYING... IN ORDER TO TRANSFER THIS MONEY TO YOUR NAME, MR. KIRK, WE MUST TAKE IT TO COURT. THERE WILL BE COURT COSTS, LAWYER FEES, AND SO ON... ALL OF THEM EXPENSES I DO NOT FEEL I SHOULD CARRY!

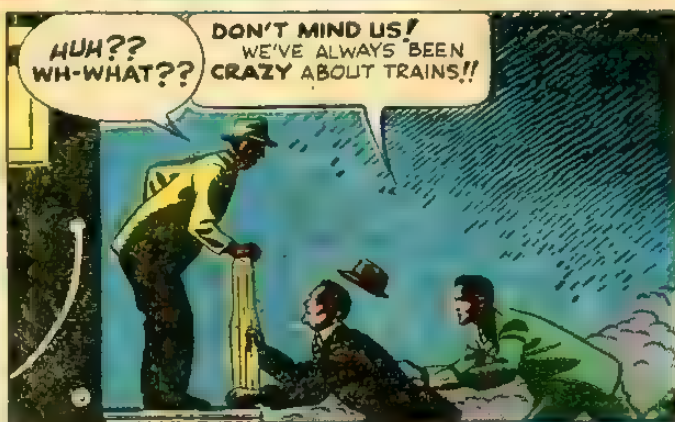
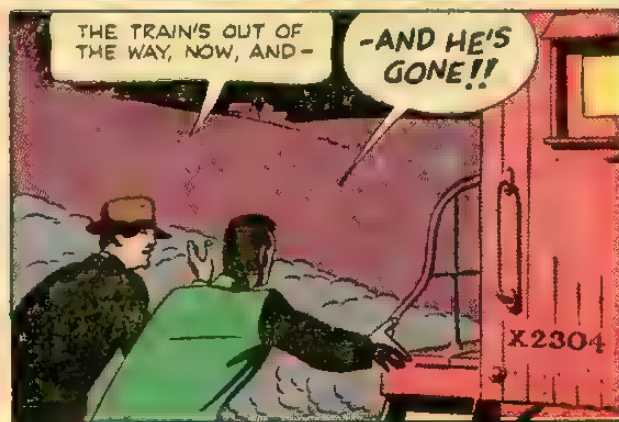
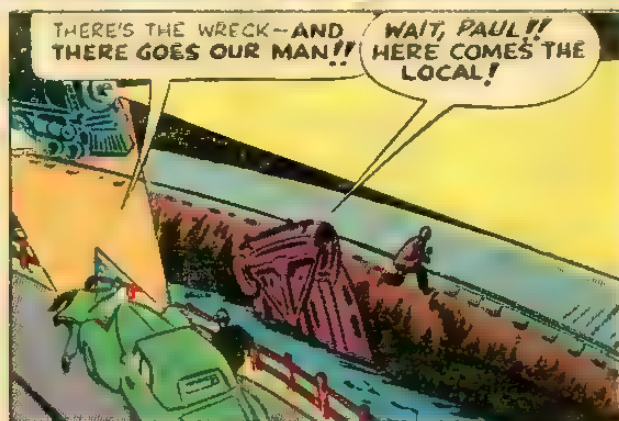
NATURALLY!

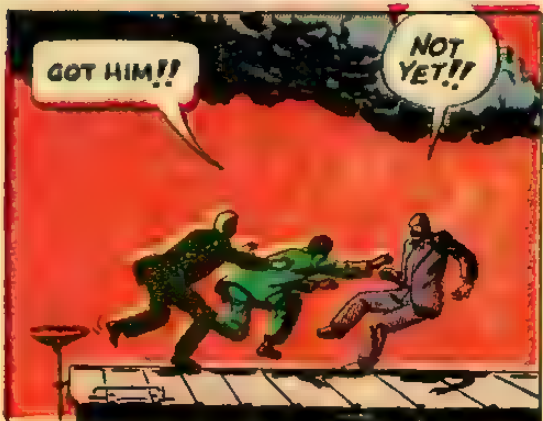
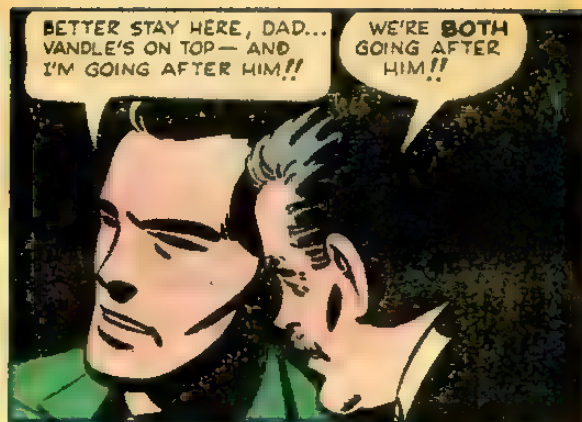
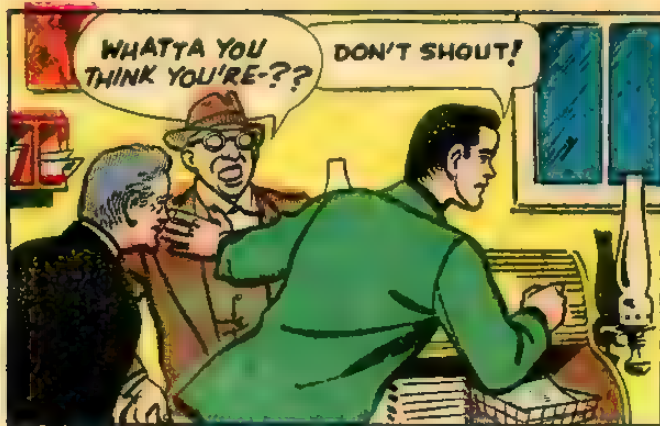
SO IF YOU ARE TO SEE THIS THROUGH, MR. KIRK—REMEMBER! IT WILL MAKE YOU INDEPENDENT FOR LIFE!— YOU WILL WISH TO TURN THIS EXPENSE MONEY OVER TO ME NOW, SO I CAN GO AHEAD!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, PAUL??

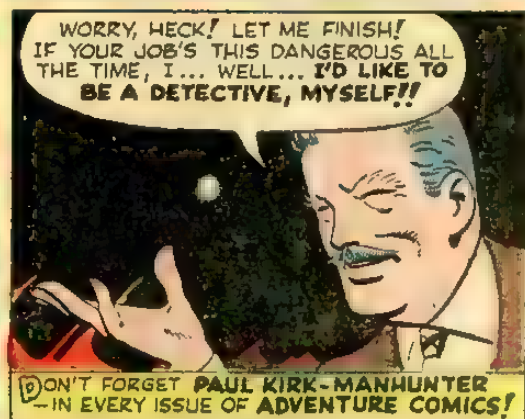
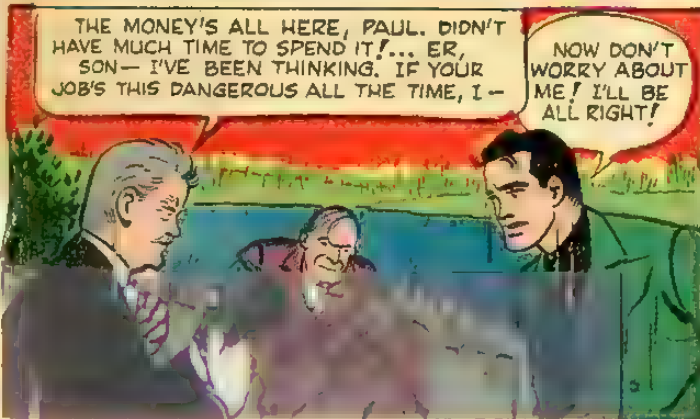
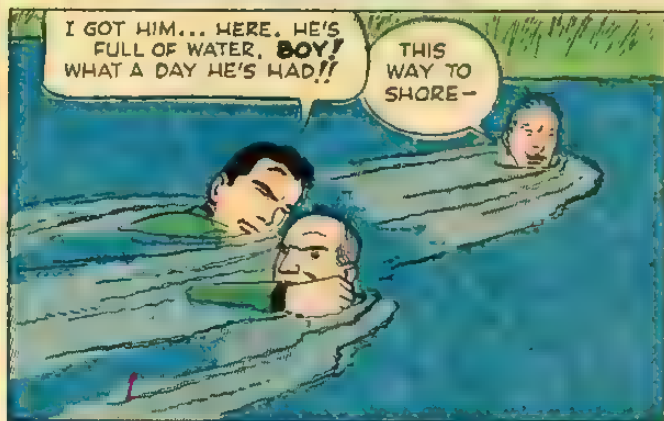
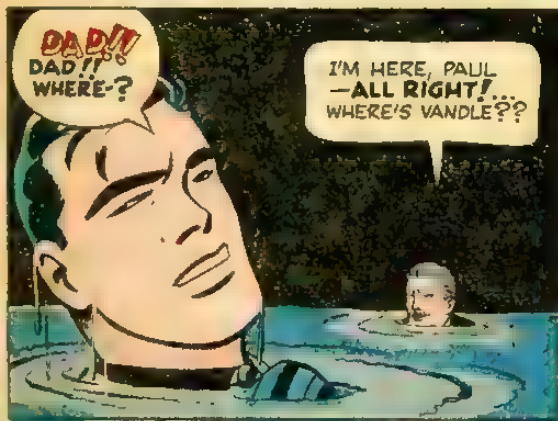
I SAY GO AHEAD. IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD THING TO ME!







FATHER AND SON CLUTCH AT THE FLYING FIGURE—
AND ARE PULLED OFF INTO SPACE!!



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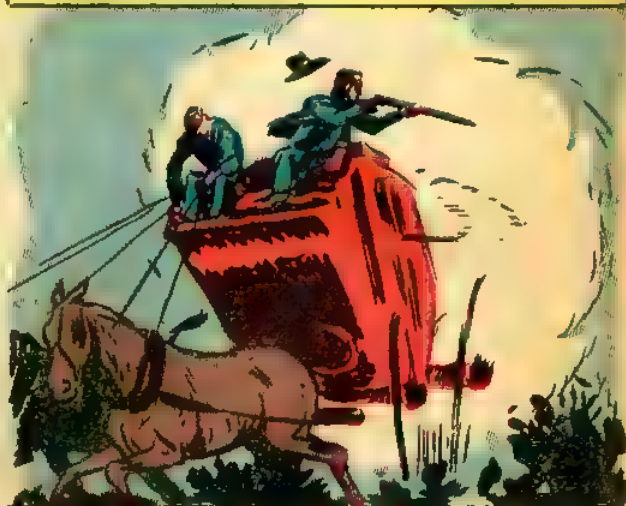
—and MUTT & JEFF

(Issued twice a year)

BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



Stagecoach Sam. By Sanford Tousey

The overland coach was carrying Sam Tracy to Carson City. It was a hard ride, but exciting, especially when the driver let Sam drive the coach himself. But those were the days when bandits and Indians roamed the Nevada trail, and the twenty-day trip was threatened with danger on every side. The men were on the alert for trouble when the shout of "Indians" brought the coach up short and turned it about in its tracks to race back.

Passengers and guards whipped out their rifles to defend their lives and the government mails. It was young Sam's sure aim that picked off the foremost Indian and held off the others until the cavalry arrived on the rescue. And it was that shot which won for Sam the thing he wanted most in the world—the Daniel Boone rifle.

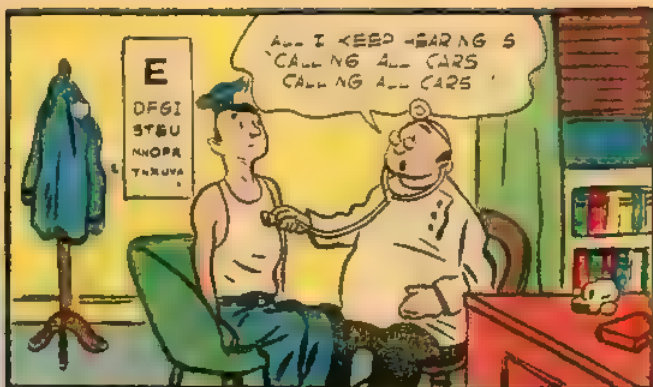
You will find "Stagecoach Sam" at your local library.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

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UKQN WEZ

JOKES



THE "BIG SEVEN" IS NOW THE "BIG EIGHT"!

Introducing

THAT NEW SENSATIONAL CHARACTER-



BOYS & GIRLS-
HERE'S WHAT JACK
DEMPSEY, ANOTHER
POPULAR FORMER
WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION, THINKS OF
ME! ISN'T THAT NICE?

My dear Charley:

October 10, 1941

Congratulations on your new feature, "Wonder Woman". I am sure it will be a huge success in the comic magazine field.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Jack
JACK DEMPSEY

FEBRUARY ISSUE (NO. 2) NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

THE SANDMAN



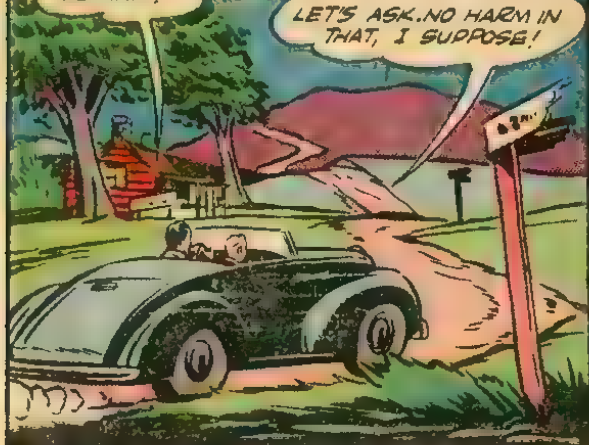
IN A NEARBY STATE THERE IS A ROAD, TWISTING UP THROUGH A LONELY MOUNTAIN, UPON WHOSE PATH FEET MOVE ONLY IN ONE DIRECTION: THEY GO UP, BUT NONE COMES DOWN! NO ONE EVER RETURNS FROM THIS ROAD, THOUGH NONE KNOWS WHY—UNTIL ONE DAY SANDMAN AND SANDY, THE GOLDEN BOY, WALK ALONG THE PATH TO THE

"ADVENTURE OF THE ROAD OF NO RETURN!"

YES DOODS AND SANDY MEGANN TRAVEL LIGHT AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MERRITT MOUNTAINS....

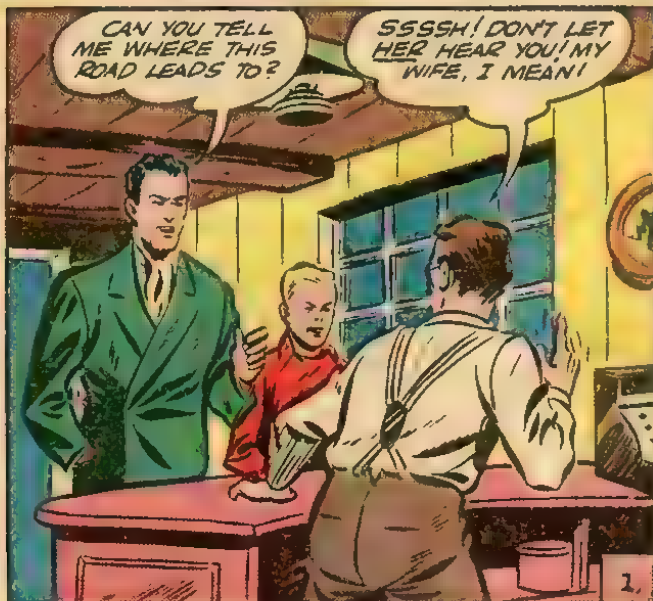
GREAT STUFF, TRAVELING. I WONDER WHERE THAT ROAD LEADS TO, THE ONE THAT BEGINS BELOW THE INN?

LET'S ASK. NO HARM IN THAT, I SUPPOSE!



CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THIS ROAD LEADS TO?

SSSSH! DON'T LET HER HEAR YOU! MY WIFE, I MEAN!



WE LOST OUR ONLY SON ON IT. IT IS THE ROAD OF NO RETURN!
NO ONE EVER COMES BACK, ONCE HE HAS GONE UP IT!

BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS, IN THIS
DAY AND AGE.....?



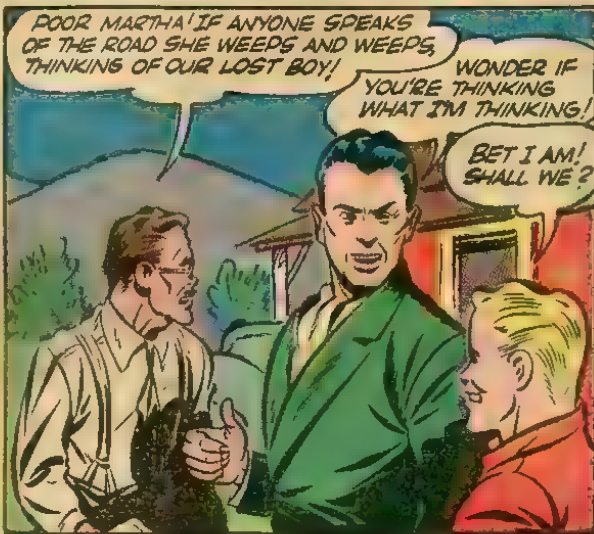
FOR MANY YEARS A STRANGE FATE OVER-
TOOK ALL THE PEOPLE WHO TRAVELLED
THAT ROAD. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS IT'S
BEEN GOING ON. MY SON—BRAVE, BUT
FOOLISH!—SAID HE WOULD COME BACK!
BUT HE NEVER DID!



POOR MARTHA! IF ANYONE SPEAKS
OF THE ROAD SHE WEEDS AND WEEDS,
THINKING OF OUR LOST BOY!

WONDER IF
YOU'RE THINKING
WHAT I'M THINKING!

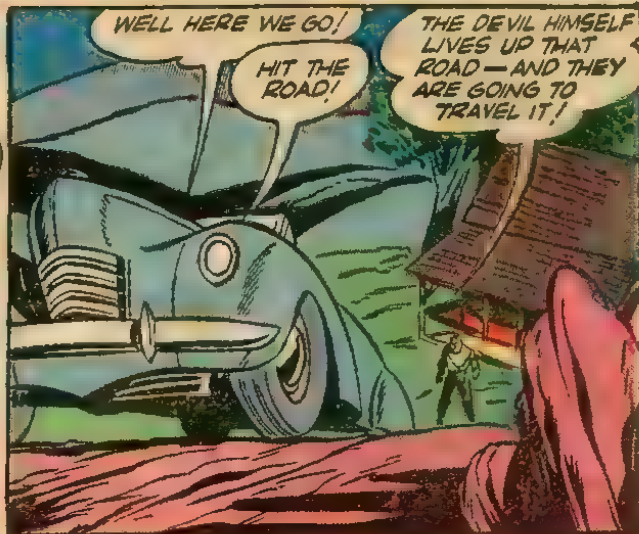
BET I AM!
SHALL WE?



WELL HERE WE GO!

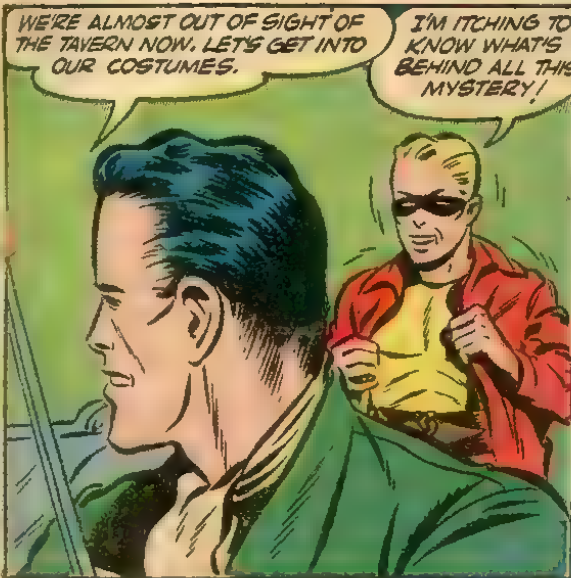
HIT THE
ROAD!

THE DEVIL HIMSELF
LIVES UP THAT
ROAD—AND THEY
ARE GOING TO
TRAVEL IT!

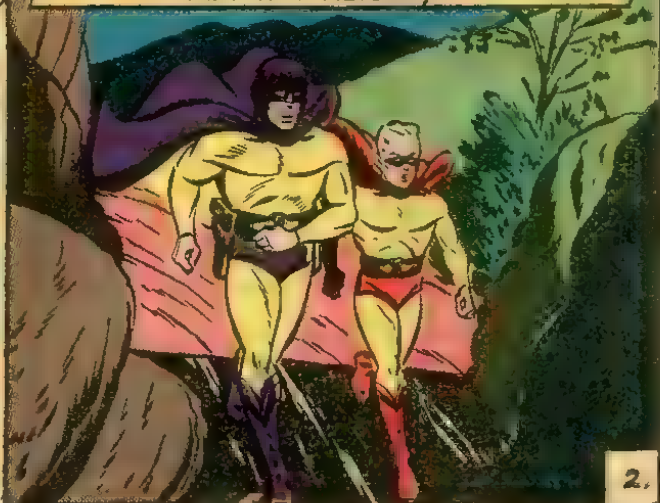


WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT OF
THE TAVERN NOW. LET'S GET INTO
OUR COSTUMES.

I'M ITCHING TO
KNOW WHAT'S
BEHIND ALL THIS
MYSTERY!



PARKING THEIR CAR, THE SANDMAN AND SANDY
STRIDE OFF, WONDERING TO THEMSELVES IF
THEY WILL RETURN!



THEY FIND THEMSELVES ON THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL, FACING A LONG VALLEY THROUGH WHICH THE ROAD RUNS LIKE A WHITE RIBBON....

IT DOESN'T LOOK MYSTERIOUS, BUT IT HOLDS A SECRET THAT HAS THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND HERE STANDING ON ITS EARS!

AND IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT SECRET IS!

ON AND ON THEY MARCH, BETWEEN FLANKING PEAKS OF SOLID STONE.

FUNNY, BUT I HAVE A FEELING THAT EYES ARE WATCHING ME! TELL YOU WHAT: YOU WALK FORWARD, I'LL FOLLOW YOU, WALKING BACKWARDS! THEN NO ONE CAN SURPRISE US!

RIGHT!

A MAN IS STEPPING OUT OF SOLID ROCK!

WHA-AT?

HOLD THAT RAY, BROTHER! I'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS!

I'LL SAY, WALKING THROUGH ROCK LIKE I COULD WADE THROUGH WATER! GOLLY!

THE STRANGER LIFTS HIS GUN. A QUEER RAY SHOOTES FROM ITS NOZZLE AND STRIKES SANDMAN AND SANDY FULL ON THEIR CHESTS. INSTANTLY, THEY FEEL HEAVY, IM MEASURABLY Ponderous!

I'VE TURNED INTO — A STATUE!

I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

THEY STUMBLE, FALL—AND GO RIGHT THROUGH THE GROUND!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO WAKE UP IN A MINUTE AND FIND THIS IS A DREAM—

BOY, I'D BE PLENTY RELIEVED!

SLOWLY THEY DROP THROUGH EARTH AND FALL INTO A NARROW UNDER-GROUND TUNNEL....

I'VE REACHED SOMETHING THAT WILL HOLD ME, ANYHOW!

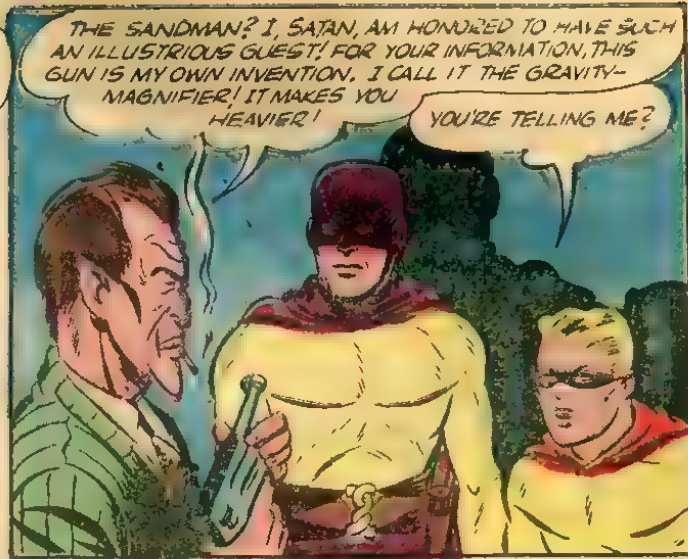
MAKE BELIEVE THAT ISN'T GOOD NEWS!



GREETINGS, MY FRIENDS!
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR
TRIP HERE.

SAY, WHAT
IS THIS?

THAT GUN! IT'S THE
SAME KIND THE OTHER
FELLOW FIRED AT US,
SANDMAN!



THE SANDMAN? I, SATAN, AM HONORED TO HAVE SUCH
AN ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST! FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THIS
GUN IS MY OWN INVENTION. I CALL IT THE GRAVITY-
MAGNIFIER! IT MAKES YOU
HEAVIER!

YOU'RE TELLING ME?

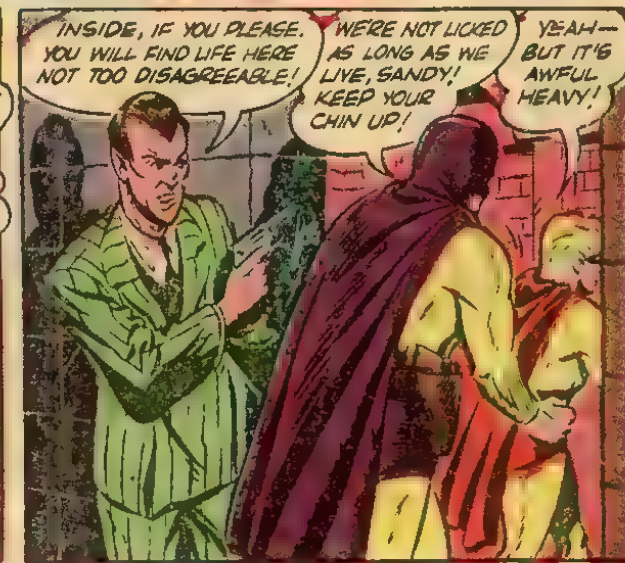


SO LEADEN HAVE THE SANDMAN AND SANDY BECOME THAT
THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE LIKE THOSE OF A SLOW MOTION
PICTURE!

YOU WILL LIVE VERY SIMPLY HERE
AS PRISONERS. I KEEP MY CAPTIVES
ALIVE, KNOWING THEY CAN NEVER
LEAVE TO BETRAY ME!

I CAN'T MOVE FAST
ENOUGH TO CATCH
A TURTLE!

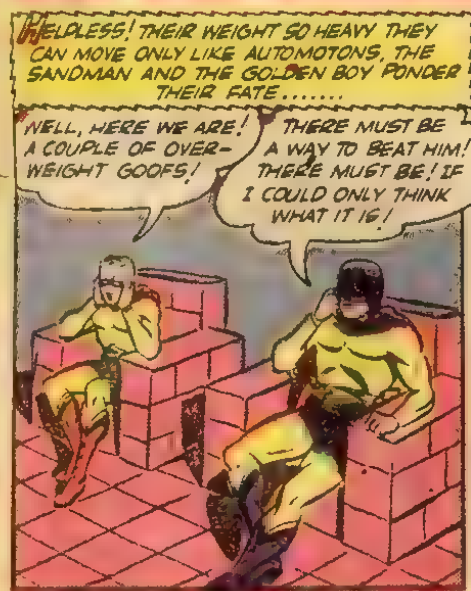
WHAT'LL WE DO,
SANDMAN? WE'RE
LICKED!



INSIDE, IF YOU PLEASE,
YOU WILL FIND LIFE HERE
NOT TOO DISAGREEABLE!

WE'RE NOT LICKED
AS LONG AS WE
LIVE, SANDY!
KEEP YOUR
CHIN UP!

YEAH—
BUT IT'S
AWFUL
HEAVY!



HELPLESS! THEIR WEIGHT SO HEAVY THEY
CAN MOVE ONLY LIKE AUTOMOTONS, THE
SANDMAN AND THE GOLDEN BOY PONDER
THEIR FATE.....

WELL, HERE WE ARE!
A COUPLE OF OVER-
WEIGHT GOOFS!

THERE MUST BE
A WAY TO BEAT HIM!
THERE MUST BE! IF
I COULD ONLY THINK
WHAT IT IS!



THIS ODD STONE — IF
I COULD ONLY GET
PAST IT!



SANDY! I THINK I'VE DONE IT!
THESE STONES HAVE TO BE HELD
TOGETHER, AND I CAN REACH CLEAR
THROUGH THE CEMENT THAT
HOLDS THEM!



IT'S COMING! WE'LL MAKE IT, SANDY! OUR BODIES ARE SO HEAVY AND OUR STRENGTH SO MAGNIFIED BY THAT GUN, THAT WE CAN TEAR THESE WALLS APART!



MAN OF MIGHT AND GOLDEN BOY CRUSH ENOUGH WALL TO ALLOW THEM TO CRAWL THROUGH.....

NOW WE'RE GOING TO GIVE AN IMITATION OF A COUPLE OF WORMS!

HOW'S THAT?

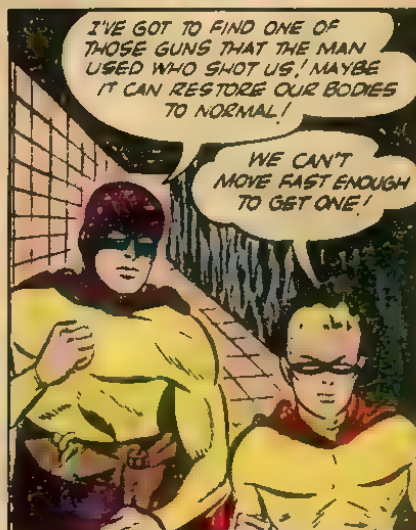


IF WE STOOD ERECT, WE'D SINK RIGHT DOWN THROUGH THE EARTH. BUT BY CRAWLING FLAT, WE SPREAD OUR WEIGHT OVER A GREATER AMOUNT OF EARTH, WHICH HOLDS US!



THIS SURE IS A FUNNY FEELING, BUT I WANT TO GET OUR BEARINGS!

IT SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH. NOBODY'S AROUND!



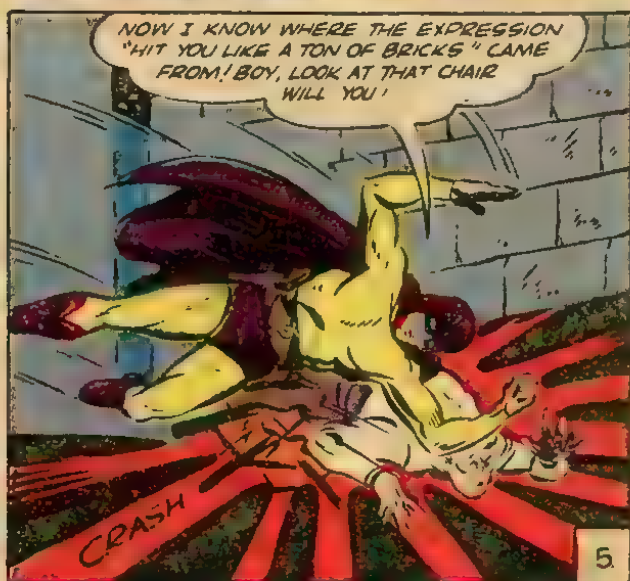
I'VE GOT TO FIND ONE OF THOSE GUNS THAT THE MAN USED WHO SHOT US! MAYBE IT CAN RESTORE OUR BODIES TO NORMAL!

WE CAN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO GET ONE!



MAYBE NOT—BUT I CAN FALL FAST ENOUGH!

HEY WHA—?



NOW I KNOW WHERE THE EXPRESSION "HIT YOU LIKE A TON OF BRICKS" CAME FROM! BOY, LOOK AT THAT CHAIR WILL YOU!

BUT THE SANDMAN, WHEN HE GETS THE RAY-GUN, PRESSES THE WRONG SWITCH!

I'LL FIX YOU IN A-OH-OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU'RE SINKING!

MAYBE I'LL LAND IN CHINA! SO LONG, SANDMAN!



SEEING A DIFFERENT BARREL ON THE GUN, THE SANDMAN PRESSES ANOTHER SWITCH AND SANDY STOPS HIS DOWNWARD FLIGHT.

I GAVE YOU SO MUCH GRAVITY, THE FLOOR WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD YOU! THIS GUN CARRIES ITS OWN REMEDY A DE-GRAVITIZER.

I'M GOING ON A DIET ALL MY LIFE IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE!

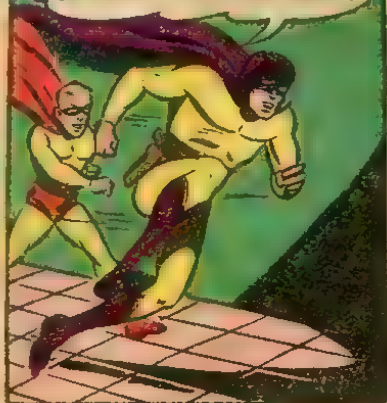


LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FOUND SATAN'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS. LET'S LOOK AROUND!

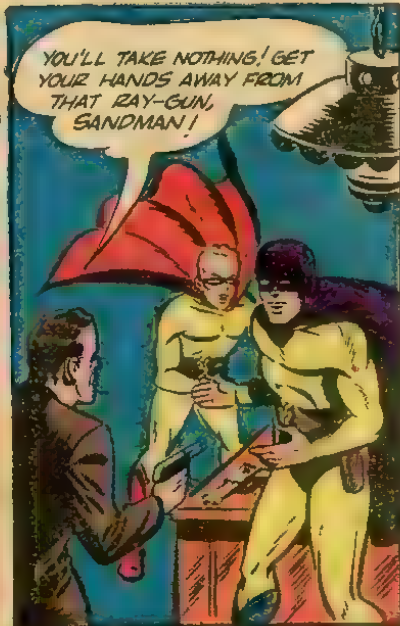
I'LL TAKE THE CHEST. MAYBE IT HAS TREASURE IN IT!

RESTORED TO NORMAL WEIGHT, SANDMAN AND SANDY RACE DOWN THE CORRIDOR...

NOW TO EXPLORE THIS PLACE AND SEE JUST WHERE WE STAND BEFORE WE GO INTO ACTION!



YOU'LL TAKE NOTHING! GET YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM THAT RAY-GUN, SANDMAN!



OF COURSE-IF I CAN USE THEM ON YOU!



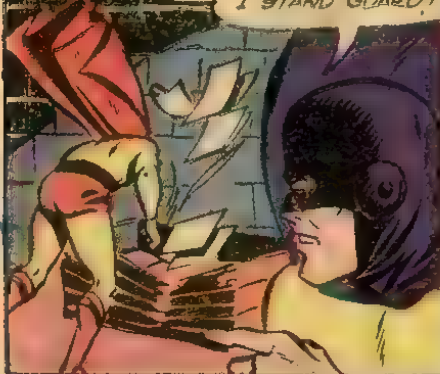
AS THE MAN FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, A DISCHARGE FROM HIS FALLING RAY-GUN HITS HIS BODY, WEIGHTS IT, AND BRINGS IT CRASHING DOWN ON THE CHEST....

OOF!



WHEE, HE'S OPENED THAT CHEST FOR US!
THANKS, OLD MAN—THERE'S ONLY A
LOT OF OLD PAPERS IN IT!

MAYBE THEY'RE IMPORTANT.
YOU LOOK AT THEM WHILE
I STAND GUARD!



LOOK AT THIS, AN OLD STATUTE
CUT OUT AND UNDERLINED, WITH
DATES ON EACH SIDE OF IT,
TWENTY YEARS APART!

TWENTY YEARS? HMM,
THAT'S THE LENGTH OF
TIME IT TAKES TO
ESTABLISH WHAT THE
LAW CALLS PRESCRIPTIVE
RIGHTS! AND A HIGHWAY
IS ABANDONED IF NOT
USED FOR SUCH TIME!



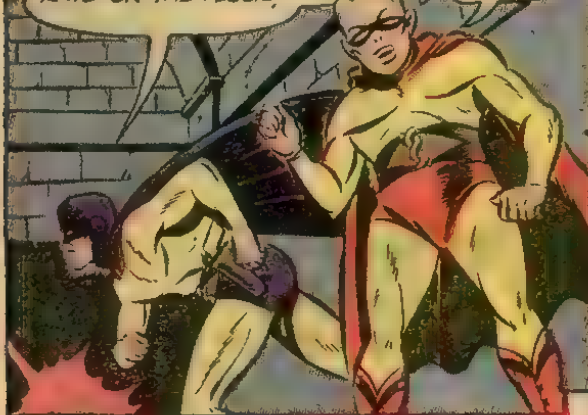
WHERE A MAN STAYS ON
PROPERTY FOR TWENTY YEARS,
CLAIMING IT TO BE HIS, THE LAW
GIVES IT TO HIM, IF NO ONE CLAIMS
THE LAND! BUT WHY IS IT
UNDERLINED?



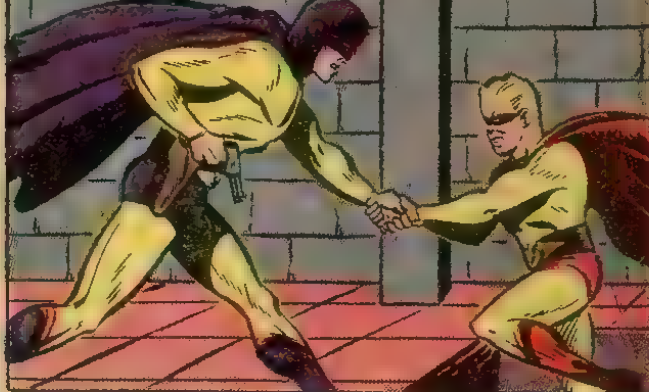
SO ABSORBED ARE THE MAN OF MIGHT AND THE
GOLDEN BOY THAT THEY FAIL TO NOTE THE FLOOR
AS IT SLOWLY SINKS!

WHOA! WE'RE GOING DOWN
BECAUSE WE LET THAT RAY-GUN
FLASH ITS GRAVITY MAGNIFIER
RAYS ON THE FLOOR!

HEY I'M
STANDING
IN WATER!



WATER? THAT
LOOKS LIKE
OIL TO ME!



IT IS OIL! NO WONDER SATAN WANTED TO
GET THIS PROPERTY! THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN
KEEPING PEOPLE FROM RETURNING! THE
HIGHWAY WOULD BE ABANDONED AND HE'D
GET THE PROPERTY FOR HIS OWN!



YOU'VE FIGURED IT ALL OUT, HAVEN'T YOU? WELL, THE
KNOWLEDGE WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

GET HIM!

I'M ON MY WAY!



FOR ONE HESITANT MOMENT, SATAN DOES NOT KNOW WHICH OF THE TWO TO SHOOT.

HERE'S SOMETHING OF MY OWN THAT HAS A LITTLE WEIGHT!

THANKS FOR THE GUN, BUDDY!

GIVE ME THAT GUN--

SAY, PRETTY PLEASE!

OOPS! LEAPED TOO FAR THAT TIME!

SATAN AND THE GOLDEN BOY TOPPLE OVER THE EDGE OF THE DROO CAUSED BY THE SUNKEN FLOOR!

YOON! THIS HOLE IS A WELL, NOW!

SAY, YOUNG FELLA, COME BACK WHERE YOU BELONGS!

SATAN, WEIGHTED DOWN BY THE SUDDEN BLOW OF HIS OWN INVENTION, SINKS BENEATH THE WELL OF OIL! ONLY A FEW BUBBLES MARK HIS DESCENT!

HE WANTED OIL, AND HE GOT IT!

OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

COME ON! LET'S GET OUR OVERSTUFFED BOY FRIEND AND FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

THAT WOULDN'T HURT MY FEELINGS!

BEFORE THEY GO, THE SANDMAN RELEASES SATAN'S OTHER PRISONERS.

IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE MA AND PA AND THE OLD INN AGAIN!

WHO SAID THIS WAS A ROAD OF NO RETURN? IT'S A ROAD OF DELAYED RETURN, MAYBE! BUT IT IS A RETURN!

I ALWAYS WANTED TO MARCH AT THE HEAD OF A PARADE AND THIS IS MY TIME TO HONOR!

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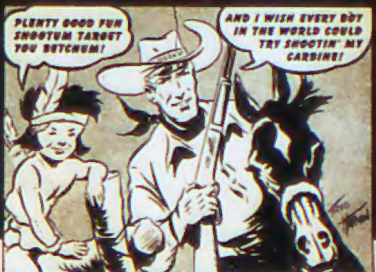
GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!
These glistening golden-colored bands around muzzle or fore-piece look mighty pretty—like the gold I could see prospect for out there. You'll be proud of it!

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Grab this bulky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold—it's wood just "meets" into your hand and holds the carbine steady as a rock!

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RED RYDER
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Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles, At Dealers. **5¢**

MY BRAND ON STOCK!
Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. I'm proud to have my name or picture of me, with my horse "Thunder," branded on the stock!

HANGING GUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG. ME BETCHUM BOYS LIKE SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!

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